

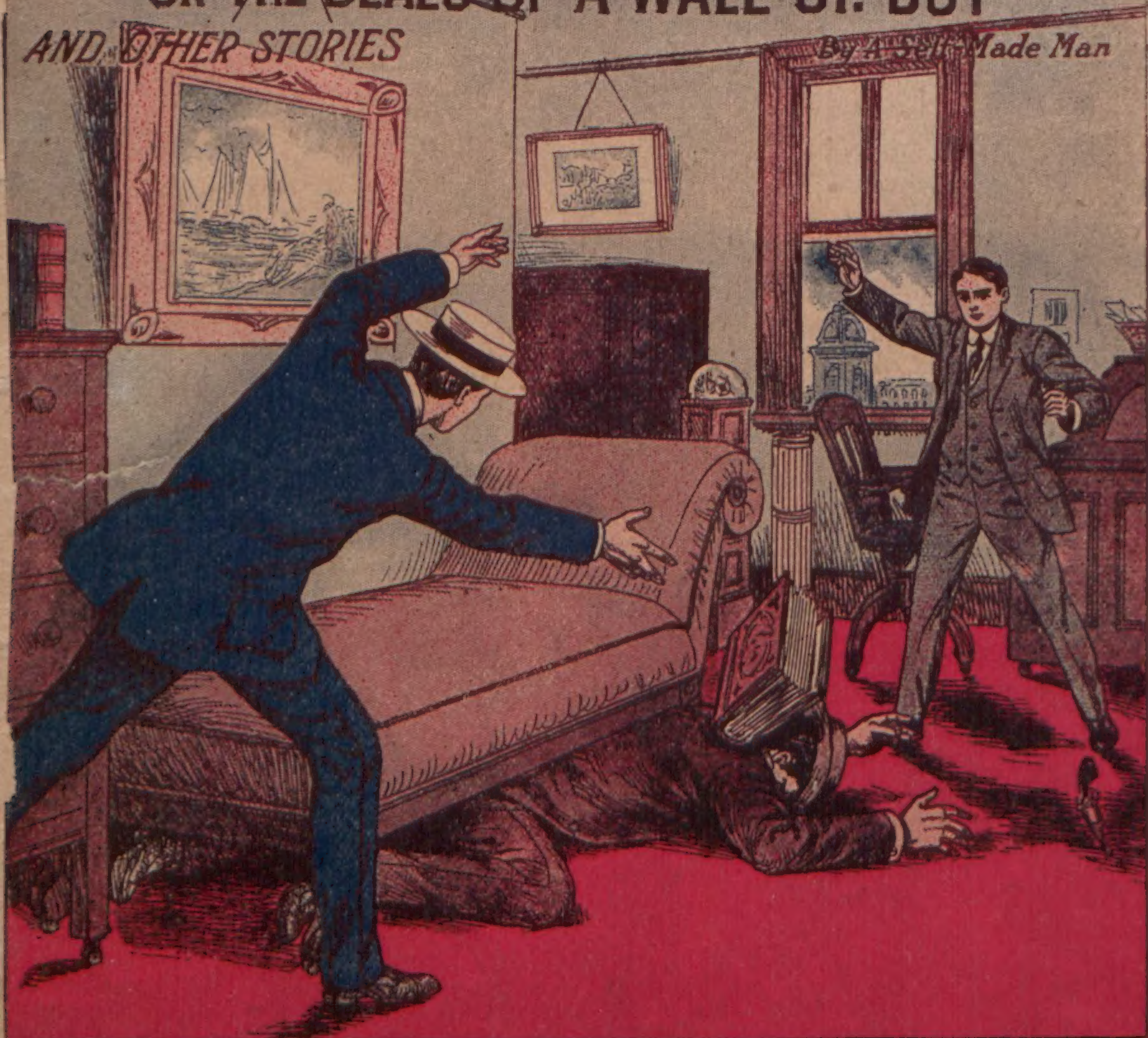
FAME & FORTUNE WEEKLY

STORIES OF
BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

WORKING THE MONEY MARKET
OR THE DEALS OF A WALL ST. BOY

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



A hand grasping a revolver, followed by a head, appeared. Dick took a dictionary from the stand of drawers and flung it at the intruder's head. Biff! It landed with telling effect, and the revolver fell from the man's hand

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Issued Weekly—Subscription price, \$3.50 per year; Canada, \$4.00; Foreign, \$4.50. Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, 166 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 4, 1911, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. *High Times Jan. 24, 1922.*

No. 820

NEW YORK, JUNE 17, 1921

Price 7 Cents

Working the Money Market

OR, THE DEALS OF A WALL STREET BOY

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—The Stalled Auto.

"What are you slowing up on this hall for, Dick?" asked Will Godfrey.

"I'm not slowing up," replied Dick Dexter.

"I can swear you're not going as fast as when we started up the hill."

"I know it. We're running shy of gasoline."

In a few moments the auto reached the top of the hill and went along a little faster for a while, but the gasoline was so low in the tank that it was only a question of a very short time before the car would be stalled until a fresh supply could be obtained.

"There's a light ahead," said Will.

"That's the roadhouse, I judge."

The auto, at gradually reducing speed, approached the public house. When two hundred yards away, and just out of sight of the building and its light, the machine stopped suddenly.

"We're all in," said Will.

"Oh, well, this roadhouse is but a few paces away," said Dick. "You can see the lights through the trees. I'll go on and get a gallon of the stuff and that will enable us to run on."

"All right. Go ahead," said Will, leaning back in the seat.

Dick shut off the mechanism, put on the brakes and started for the roadhouse. As he approached the house he heard two voices ahead in the gloom. The persons to whom the voices belonged were concealed by the shrubbery.

"Now you understand, Jenkins, what you are to do?" Dick heard one of them say. "You must get possession of that handbag somehow. It contains \$10,000 in cash and that's a mighty fine haul for us."

"How much of the money do I get?"

"How much? Why, you'll get your fair share, of course. Don't I always take care of you in matters of this kind?"

"The last time you didn't," returned the other. "You kept most of the swag."

"I did! Nonsense! You got your one-third."

"So you told me at the time, and I believed you, but I afterward found out that you worked the squeeze game on me and kept the lion's share. If I'm going to continue to stand in with you there's got to be honor among—"

"That'll do, Jenkins, you needn't mention the word. I'm the respectable proprietor of a most respectable roadhouse, and you're my respectable assistant and partner in such side issues as turn

up occasionally. It's these side issues that feather our nests, do you understand? You'll never get rich on your wages alone, nor will I through the trade that comes to the house in the ordinary course of things.

"That's right enough, but I won't stand for any more skin business. I take the larger share of the risk and get the smallest share of the plunder."

"That's because I'm the brains of the concern. What could you do without me? Nothing. You would starve. Besides, don't forget what you owe me. When you were pinched in Jersey City for knocking a stranger out and robbing him of a few paltry dollars one night, and the evidence against you was so conclusive that you were in line to be sent up for five or ten years, who got you out of your scrape?"

"I admit you did."

"Of course I did. I got straw bail for you, which you jumped, as a matter of course, then I brought you here and made you my confidential helper. Here you are living on the fat of the land at my expense, and drawing a small wage as well, besides fattening your bank roll whenever you take part in a little side issue like the one we have on now. Instead of kicking, you ought to be grateful—grateful, do you understand?"

"I am grateful, but—"

"Oh, hang your butts; forget them. Now to business. You are to get hold of that hand-bag, you understand?"

"I do; and I've been watching my chance, but he keeps tight hold of it all the time."

"Of course he does. You would, too, if you had a bag that held \$10,000. But it's the fruit of genius to overcome obstacles. There are some of the lads in New York who are so expert at the art of conveyancing that they can take the coat off your back without you getting on to the fact. You want to copy them. Always aim high, Jenkins, and then maybe you'll amount to something one of these days."

"I know, but it's easier for you to talk than for me to do what looks like an impossibility."

"Bah! There's no such word in the dictionary of a man who knows his business. Now, look here. Dinner is ready and they'll go in to it as soon as I announce the fact to them. The gen' with the bag can't eat and hold on to his bag the same time. That stands to reason, it?"

"Yes."

"Very good. You'll act as chief waiter, as you've done before. I'll be in the room, too, unless somebody else comes along who wants something at the bar, and I'll hold the broker's attention. I'll talk about Wall Street, and stocks, and the money market, and while I'm doing it you must watch your chance and get hold of the bag. He'll put it on the floor beside him, between his legs and the window, where he figures it'll be safe. The window behind him will be open. I'll see to that. The moment you nip it you must turn around and drop it out into the yard. Then you'll give me the sign and I'll go out and hide it. You mustn't leave the room under any circumstances. Then you won't be suspected. If when he misses it, he sees you haven't got it, of course he can't accuse you of taking it. That's simple, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you think of such an idea yourself, eh? You see I'm the brains of our partnership, don't you?"

"I'll admit you're clever."

"Of course I'm clever. I was born so, Jenkins. That's why I'm the landlord of the roadhouse while you're only my assistant. It is brains that count. Remember that, and try and accumulate a little more gray matter in your belfry."

The two men, having finished their confidential pow-wow, stepped from the secluded shelter of the hedge, walked to the roadhouse, a few yards away, and went in, the landlord by the front entrance, which led into the public room, and Jenkins by the back door, which communicated with the kitchen. Dick, who had stopped and listened to every word that passed between the men, was rather staggered when he realized their rascally character. He felt that it was up to him to save the gentleman at the inn from being robbed of his handbag containing \$10,000 in cash.

He was all the more interested in the proposed victim from the fact that the landlord had said he was a broker. The boy wondered if he knew the gentleman, for he it known, Dick himself worked in Wall Street, and so did his friend, Will Godfrey. They were both messengers for a big broker named John Arnold, and it was an old automobile belonging to that broker the boys had borrowed that Sunday morning for a trip into New Jersey from which they were now returning early in the evening.

"I must get a look at the gentleman with the bag," thought Dick, "and then endeavor to warn him of what is on the tapis."

He walked cautiously up to the entrance of the inn, and was just in time to see the landlord ushering two gentlemen into a room off the public one. The eating room faced on the side yard of the roadhouse. It was a simple matter for Dick to locate it by the lights, and the four figures inside. Outside all was dark, and there appeared to be no one around to discover the boy's presence. Inside the room he saw the two gentlemen at a table drawn up between two windows, both of which were half open.

Which was the broker who was to be robbed, Dick could not say. Both gentlemen were strangers to him. He had never come across them in Wall Street, though he had been employed there a matter of four years. He now had a good view of the landlord and Jenkins. The former was a

stout, smoothly shaven man, with a sleek and sanctimonious look, as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. Doubtless he found that expression very profitable in his business, and had cultivated it. Jenkins, on the other hand, looked like an ordinary hired man. His face was concealed by a heavy growth of beard, which Dick had an idea was not real hair, but assumed to conceal his identity, since he was wanted by the Jersey City police for jumping his bail.

He passed between the kitchen and the table with various dishes that he solemnly placed before or near the two guests. He didn't say a word. The landlord, however, did a lot of talking, and Dick noticed that he gave his attention to one of the gentlemen, which caused the boy to decide that the object of his particular attention was the selected victim. The windows being open, Dick could easily hear all the talk that was going on. As soon as everything was on the table, Jenkins hung around like an obsequious waiter, passing the pepper caster to one, or the salt box to the other of the diners, and otherwise making himself useful. Finally he took up his post behind the gentleman the landlord was asking questions about Wall Street. Presently the landlord went to a shelf, took a paper off it and brought it to the table.

"I received this prospectus from a Wall Street firm," he said, spreading it out. "Will you tell me if you think the company is a reliable one?"

He held the paper in such a way that the gentleman he addressed had to bend over toward him to look at the printed sheet. The other gentleman also looked. That appeared to be Jenkins' cue. He bent down behind the chair, and when he straightened up again he turned around and threw one arm out of the window. Dick heard something drop on the grass.

"That's the bag," he thought.

He glided forward toward the window and saw something dark on the ground. Grasping it, he found it was a small hand-bag. He lost no time in taking possession of it and escaping into the road. Then he hurried back to the stalled motor car where his companion was impatiently awaiting his return.

He then told Will what he had run up against, and showed him the bag and told him what was in it. He said he was going back after the gasoline, and did so, the landlord selling him a gallon in a can, which Dick brought back with him. Then they proceeded to the inn, when Dick returned the empty can. Then they ran along until they reached a place where they sold gasoline, and they filled the tank at this place. Dick determined to ride to Jersey City and notify the two gentlemen who had had their bag stolen that it was in their possession. They therefore turned the auto and started back.

CHAPTER II.—Dick Finds the Owner of the Bag.

They hadn't gone far before an auto going in the opposite direction passed them. Looking back, they saw it stop at the roadhouse.

"They are just in time for the excitement," said Will.

"Say, I wonder how the landlord learned that there was \$10,000 in the broker's bag?" said Dick.

"He must have overheard the two gentlemen talking about it."

"Yes, I guess that's how he learned about it."

The machine went on at a leisurely gait, and after a mile or two had been covered they began to look for the other machine to overtake them. In a little while they heard an auto following them at a spanking rate. They prepared to hail it, but when it got close enough for that they saw four people in it—two men and two women, so they knew it was not the brokers' car. It flashed past like a streak and disappeared around a turn ahead.

"Maybe those gentlemen won't leave the roadhouse till they have exhausted every effort to recover the bag," said Will. "What would you do if you were in the loser's shoes?"

"What would I do? I'd leave my companion to watch the movements of the landlord and his man and get the Jersey City as soon as I could. After telling my story to the police, I'd bring back a couple of detectives with me."

"Those rascals might do up the gentleman who was left behind—I mean, of course, supposing they had the bag with the money in their possession—then skip with the plunder."

They were now four miles from the roadhouse and the expected auto had not yet turned up. In a short time they reached the junction of two roads, both of which led into Jersey City. Dick decided to stop there and wait a while. They waited twenty minutes without result, and then gave up the idea of being overtaken by the brokers. Putting on speed, they ran into Jersey City, boarded a ferryboat and reached New York City. They rode uptown to the garage where their boss kept his two cars, left the machine and went to their homes, which were two blocks apart, in Harlem, above 125th street.

Both boys lived in flat houses—Dick with his married sister, for he was an orphan, and Will with his parents and two sisters. Dick carried the bag home with him and examined it carefully when he reached the seclusion of his room. The initials, "W. E. B.," were on the bag, and that was the only clue he had to the owner.

Next morning Dick and Will reached their office at nine o'clock. The clerks were on hand waiting for the arrival of the cashier to open the safe and hand around the books and papers. Miss Jones, the stenographer, appeared as they hung up their hats. Dick went into the counting room and got the stenographer to typewrite the following notice:

"Will the broker who dined with a friend at the New Jersey Roadhouse, kept by a man named Chance, yesterday (Sunday) evening, and who missed his handbag after the meal, communicate with Richard Dexter, care of John Arnold, No. — Wall street. He will receive information concerning his property."

The boy then carried the notice to the Exchange and had it posted up in a conspicuous place. About noon a well-dressed man made his appearance in Broker Arnold's office and asked for Dick.

"He's out on an errand," said the cashier.

"When will he be back?" asked the visitor

"I expect him in any minute."

"I'll wait, then," said the gentleman.

Five minutes later Will came in from an errand and reported.

"Are you Richard Dexter?" asked the caller.

"No, sir. My name is Will Godfrey. Waiting to see Dick Dexter?"

"Yes."

"Take a seat and I'll let you know when—Here he is now!"

Dick came in and reported his return.

"Here is a gentleman who wants to see you, Dick," said Will.

Dick looked at the gentleman and recognized him at once as the broker who owned the bag with the \$10,000.

"How do you do, sir!" said Dick. "You were at Chance's Roadhouse last evening. I knew you at once."

"Why, did you see me there?" asked the caller, in a surprised tone.

"I was there, with my friend Will, here, in an auto belonging to our boss."

"Indeed! You put up that notice I saw at the Exchange?"

"I did."

"What information have you to tell me concerning the bog that was stolen from me?"

"Your bag is safe and in my possession."

"How came you to get it? I accused the landlord and his helper of taking it, and made a complaint against them to the Jersey City police. A couple of detectives were sent there to investigate the matter."

"I've got the bag at my house, sir," said Dick. "If you'll give me your name and office or home address, I'll see that you get it either this evening or to-morrow."

"My name is Robert Drew. Here is my business card. I think you'd better bring it over to my house this evening if that would be convenient to you. Where do you live?"

"In West 130th street."

"My residence is in East 65th street. Shall I expect to see you with the bag, say about eight o'clock?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. You have done me a great favor, and I'll make it all right with you."

The broker shook hands with Dick and went away.

CHAPTER III.—The Travellers' Roost.

After supper that evening Dick took the bag and started for Mr. Drew's house. A Madison avenue surface car carried him within half a block of his destination, and a few minutes afterward he rang the bell after mounting a high stoop. When the servant answered the ring, he asked for Mr. Drew.

"Walk in, please. Take a seat and I'll take your name to Mr. Drew," said the servant.

"My name is Richard Dexter."

The servant returned in a minute and told him to follow. He was ushered into the library, where he found the broker reading an evening paper.

"Good evening, Dexter; take a seat," said Mr. Drew, putting down the paper.

"Here is your bag, sir," said Dick.

"The bag itself is not mine. You see the initials are W. E. B. My customer loaned it to me to carry the money in."

"Open it and see if the money is all right."

"I guess it is, for it doesn't look as if it had been tampered with."

Mr. Drew took a key from his desk, opened the bag and found ten packages of new bills, each representing \$1,000. He did not count the money. Peeling a \$100 bill from one package, he offered it to Dick.

"Let me present you with that in consideration of your services," he said.

"It isn't necessary for you to pay me, Mr. Drew," said Dick.

"I'm not paying you; I am merely giving you a present. Take it and oblige me."

As \$100 bills were not to be sneezed at, Dick accepted it and thanked the gentleman. Dick remained a short time and then took his leave. The \$100 bill was not as big a windfall to Dick as it would have been to most boys, for he already was worth \$1,100, mostly made through small speculations in the stock market. Nevertheless, it was a welcome addition to his capital. He had learned that day of an anticipated rise in B. & J., and was figuring on going into a deal on the strength of the information. Will Godfrey did not speculate, though he knew Dick made money at the game. He had never got together enough money to make a start, in the first place, and in the second he was too cautious to take chances in Wall Street.

Dick, having only himself to look after, didn't mind taking chances, and as he paid his sister \$5 a week every Saturday for his room and board she never concerned herself with what he did with the rest of his money. Next morning he saw something in one of the Wall Street papers about B. & J. that induced him to go to the little bank on Nassau street at the first chance he got and leave his order for 100 shares of the stock on margin, at 82. During the day Will showed him an advertisement he had clipped out of a morning daily. It read thus:

"FOR SALE, AT A BARGAIN.—A roadhouse and garage on a well-traveled road, seven miles from Jersey City. Proprietor retiring on account of ill health. Full particulars and inspection of the property may be had by addressing Benjamin Chance, Box 162, — office."

"I guess that rascally landlord has found it to his interest to pull up stakes," said Dick. "Maybe the police have had other complaints besides Mr. Drew's, and gave him a hint to quit the business. He may have a record with the authorities, for all we know, and they know what he is."

Dick handed the advertisement back to Will and forgot all about the man he had worked the turn on. In the course of a week B. & J. went up, according to program, and when it reached 90 and a fraction Dick sold out, clearing \$800 profit. A few days afterward, as Dick was returning from an errand, he saw a package in the gutter, much soiled in appearance, that looked as if it might be a bundle of newspapers thrown away. He stopped and looked at it, turning it over with his foot. He saw it was held together by an old shoe lace. On the whole, it looked rather doubt-

ful, and most persons would not have given it a second thought. Dick, however, ventured to pick it up to get a closer look at it. After turning it over in his hands, he pulled the shoe lace off and opened it. Inside a double sheet of newspapers were twenty certificates of mining stock. The name of the mine was the Minerva.

"This package looks as if it had been stepped upon and kicked about. Nobody but myself took enough interest in it to pick it up and open it. I wonder who lost these certificates, and whether they amount to anything? My boss don't do much in the mining line. When he gets an order he sends to a Curb broker to execute for him, that's why I haven't kept any track of mining stocks. I guess I'll go across to the Curb market and ask one of the brokers about Minerva," said Dick to himself.

He crossed the street and accosted one of the brokers standing inside the rope.

"What's Minerva mining stock worth?" he asked.

"Nothing," replied the trader.

"Nothing?" repeated Dick.

"Not a sou. It's been off the market for the last two years."

"Why so?"

"The mine went out of business."

"No good, eh?"

"It wouldn't go out of business if it was any good. It used to sell for ten cents and less, but when it ceased to be dealt in, the Exchange took it off the list."

The broker walked off and Dick started for the office with his worthless find under his arm. Later in the day he showed the certificates to Mr. Arnold and told him how he got hold of them. He added that he had asked a Curb broker about the mine and had learned that it was now reckoned among the dead ones. Arnold smiled.

"Your find doesn't amount to much, then?"

"No, sir; but I won't throw the certificates away, for all that. It won't cost me anything to hold on to them, and as they didn't cost me anything I won't lose a cent through them."

"It is hardly likely they will ever amount to anything. Doubtless the man who owned them and whose name is on the certificates threw them away."

Dick carried the certificates home, and then wrote a letter to a brokerage house, inquiring about the stock, telling that he had come into possession of 2,000 shares. Inside of a week he received a reply from the broker. That person said that the mining company was not out of business, but that so little work had been done at the mine during the past two years that the stock of the company was no longer dealt in on the Goldfield and other Western exchanges.

Although the stock had no speculative value, he advised Dick to send his certificates to the secretary of the company and have them transferred to his name on the company's books. Dick sent the certificates by express to the secretary, requesting that they be put in his name and new certificates issued to him. In due time he got the new certificates and put them in his trunk. A day or two after he got the certificates from Goldfield, Fourth of July came around and Dick and Will borrowed the old motor car of the boss and started late on the afternoon before the

Fourth to ride down to Southampton, Long Island, where the boss and his family had a cottage for the season. They expected to cover about half the distance by nine or ten that night and put up at a hotel in the village of Springdale.

The boys had never been over the route they were to follow, but they had provided themselves with a road guide, which gave all the details necessary to enable them to find their way to their destination. It happened, however, as the boys were approaching Springdale they got mixed up in the dark and took a branch road which carried them away from their direct route, toward another village nearer Great South Bay. After traveling a mile or more over the branch, they saw a light ahead and soon found it came from a house along the road. When they came to it they found it was an old roadhouse with an old-fashioned swinging sign above the door, bearing the name of "Travelers' Roost." As no such hostelry was down on their route-map, they stopped to make inquiries. A rough-looking, red-headed boy was seated in his shirtsleeves outside the open doorway, through which Dick and Will caught a glimpse of a bar. Dick got down and went up to him.

"Is this the road to Springdale?" he asked.

"No, it hain't," replied the red-headed boy.

"Then we've gone out of our way. Where does it lead to?"

"Brookville."

"How far off is that?"

"Eight or nine miles," replied the boy.

That wasn't the truth, for the village in question was hardly two miles ahead.

"Is there a good inn or hotel at Brookville?"

"Were you thinkin' of puttin' up there to-night?"

"We'll have to."

"You won't find any room there. The hotel is full."

"How do you know it is?"

"Just came from there a while ago, and I seen 'em fixin' up cots in the billiard room to accommodate people that came there this afternoon."

That was another lie, for the red-headed boy had not been in Brookville at all that day.

"All the places 'round are crowded on the Fourth of July," went on the youth. "You'd better stop here. We kin give you a room and take care of your machine. In the mornin' I'll show you how to reach Springdale."

Dick looked at his watch and saw it was ten o'clock.

"What will you charge for the room and breakfast for two?"

"A dollar for the room, fifty cents apiece for breakfast, and half a dollar for lookin' after your car."

Neither the house nor the boy looked very enticing, but if they couldn't find accommodations at Brookville, if they went on to that village, they would be in a bad way. He went back to the car and consulted with Will.

"I suppose we'd better stop here, but it looks like a pretty poor house to stay at, and we are likely to get a poor breakfast," said Will.

After some hesitation, Dick told the boy they would stay there, as it was too late to go on and risk the chances at Brookville.

"Run your machine into the yard and under the shed you'll find there. When you come back I'll show you to a room," said the youth, making no attempt to get up. Dick ran the car into the yard, backed it into the shed, and then fixed it for a stay overnight. The youth was still in the chair when they came back.

"Where's the landlord?" Dick asked, seeing no one about but the boy.

"Oh, he's over to the village with his partner. They ought to be back soon. You kin write your names in that book," and he shoved a blankbook toward Dick, with a pen and an inkstand.

Dick signed his name and Will put his down.

"Where are you from?" asked the lad. "Noo York?"

"Yes," answered Dick.

"Where you goin'?"

"Southampton."

"You'll have to go back to the road you turned out of. Springdale is on the road to Southampton."

"I know it," said Dick.

"I s'pose you'd like to turn in. This is an old house and you won't find no style about your room, but the bed ain't a bad one, and as you're only goin' to sleep here the room won't count. Come on."

He led the way into the public room. It was a low-ceiled, ancient-looking room of good size, with exposed rafters that, like the walls, were black almost with age and tobacco smoke. It was dimly lighted by a reflector lamp over the bar. Half a dozen round tables, with three times as many chairs, stood about.

"Have a drink afore you turn in," said the youth.

"No, we don't drink," replied Dick.

"You might take a soda or sarsaparilla just to help the bar."

"Well, give us a couple of sodas, and have a drink on us yourself."

The boy grinned. He went behind the bar, turned out two sodas in glasses and then poured out a drink for himself.

"Your health!" he said.

"How much?" asked Dick.

"Twenty cents to you."

Dick paid the amount. The youth lighted a lamp and, telling the boys to follow him, started for a door. They entered an entry where there was a flight of stairs. Up this they went to the floor above.

"This is as good as any room in the house," said the youth, throwing a door open.

The boys entered and found themselves in a meagerly furnished room. The lad put the lamp on a small table, wished them goodnight, and left.

"Pretty bum accommodations," said Will, looking around.

"Yes; but as long as we're here, we must make the best of things," said Dick.

Five minutes later they were in bed.

CHAPTER IV.—Chance and Jenkins Once More.

Their strange surroundings kept the boys awake some time. They heard a clock somewhere downstairs strike eleven. The red-headed youth

was evidently out front in his chair, waiting for the proprietor and his partner to return, for they heard him whistling every little while, or scraping his shoes on the boards. At length Will fell asleep, but Dick was not so fortunate. Finally he heard a wagon roll into the yard, and he judged that was the two men returning. In a few minutes he heard the boy talking to some one. Down the road came an auto at a slow pace.

"Hello!" shouted a voice from the road.

"Hello!" returned the youth.

"How far is it to the next village?"

"'Bout fifteen miles."

"Fifteen miles!" exclaimed the voice.

"'Bout that."

"Got any gasoline?"

"All out."

"Then I don't see how we can go on much farther."

"You kin stay here all night. One dollar for a room for two. Fifty cents apiece for meals."

"Where will we put the car?"

"Take it into the yard and back it into the shed 'longside the other machine you'll find there. I'll have a supply of gasoline here before you're up in the mornin'."

Dick heard the newcomer start his car up into the yard and then silence succeeded for a while, when he heard two men approach the porch, talking. Through the open window of the room he heard them talking to a man whom he guessed was one of the proprietors of the inn. He could only distinguish an occasional word, and in a few minutes the parties entered the public room. The next sound Dick heard was the closing of the front door for the night. In a little while he heard several footsteps on the stairs coming up.

The newcomers, apparently two, were ushered into the adjoining room by a man whose voice seemed familiar to Dick. The boy was so impressed by that fact that he slipped out of bed, went to the door, which had a lock but no key, and no bolt, opened it and peered out into the corridor. The door of the next room was open and the light of a lamp streamed out.

"I'm sorry, gentlemen, the accommodations are not up-to-date, but this is an old house, built nigh a hundred years ago, and I'm not often honored with lodgers," Dick heard the familiar voice say. "However, you'll find the bed pretty fair, and I can promise you a good breakfast in the morning that will make up for the shortcomings of the room. You see, my business is chiefly in meals and custom at the bar. My liquors are all first-class, and so are my cigars. You've had a sample of my mint julep, and I'll leave it to you if it wasn't as good as you'll get in New York."

"It was all right," replied one of the men.

"Well, I'll wish you good night, gentlemen. What time do you wish to be called?"

"At seven."

"I'll see that you're awakened at that hour."

The speaker walked out and shut the door after him. As the momentary flash of light rested on his smoothly shaven face, Dick uttered a smothered exclamation. He recognized the man as Chance, late landlord of the New Jersey roadhouse. The discovery was quite a shock to the young messenger. He knew Chance was a rascal, and he did not doubt that Jenkins was with

him. To sleep in the house that owned those two men as proprietor and general helper was not a cheerful reflection, particularly as there was no lock or bolt on the door of the room to keep intruders out.

"This is tough luck," muttered the boy. "Seems strange we should run up against that man again so soon. Of course, he might not interfere with Will and me. It wouldn't do him a whole lot of good if he did, for we haven't much money." To be on the safe side, I'll take my funds out of my pocket and put the money under my pillow."

Dick did this, and he added Will's \$3 to his roll. Then he placed a chair against the door in such a way that if the door was pushed in the chair would fall and make noise enough to probably awaken them. Having provided as well as he could for an emergency, he went to bed again. While thinking over the strange fact of meeting with Chance again, Dick fell asleep. An hour later he was awakened by the fall of the chair. He sat up and listened. He heard whispering at the door which had been partially pushed in, and then he heard the door pulled to and the sounds ceased.

"It was the landlord and probably Jenkins come to see what we had about us in the way of money," thought Dick, "and the noise made by the chair scared them off for the present. I've no doubt they'll come back again. I'll replace the chair, which will show them that the sound aroused one of us."

He got out of bed and replaced the chair as it was.

"I'll bet they'll go into the next room on the same errand if they haven't already done so," said Dick.

He listened, but heard no sounds in the adjoining room. He went to the window and looked out. The window of the next room was halfway up, like their own, for the night was very warm, as might be expected at that time of year. Both opened on to the roof of the porch. Dick slipped out of his window, went to the other and listened intently. No sound reached his ears other than the deep breathing of the two sleepers. He returned to his room, removed the chair from the door and looked out.

The corridor was as silent and tenantless as a churchyard at midnight. However, he saw a light streaming under a door on the opposite side a little way along the corridor. He walked down to it and looked through the keyhole. He saw Chance and Jenkins inside, partly dressed, seated at a table on which stood a lamp and two tumblers, with a pack of cards. Chance held a pocketbook in his hand from which he was removing a roll of bills. Another pocketbook lay at his elbow. Chance counted the money and said something which Dick could not hear. Then he took something from his pocket, wrapped one of the bills around it and put it in the wallet in place of the money.

He took up the second pocketbook, pulled a wad of bills out of that, counted them, and added them to the others. He then followed the same procedure with the second wallet. With a pencil he made some figures on a paper, then counted out part of the money and handed it to Jenkins, who put it in his trousers pocket. He handed both wallets to Jenkins, who started for the door.

Dick slipped back to bed, after tilting the chair against the door. He heard Jenkins enter the adjoining room and leave it again in a few minutes. It was clear he had gone there to replace the pocketbooks in their depleted state.

"I wonder what the gentlemen will say in the morning when they discovered their money is gone?" thought Dick. "What I'll have to tell on the subject ought to be enough to land Chance and his pal in jail. What a pair of rascals they are!"

Dick lay awake for half an hour, but no further attempt was made by an intruder to get into the room, and the boy fell asleep at last. The boys were still sleeping when the red-headed boy came upstairs at seven o'clock to arouse the gentlemen next door. The pounding he made on the door awakened Will. He got up, looked at his watch and saw what time it was. He opened the door and called out to the youth.

"When can we have breakfast?" he asked.

"It will be ready shortly. Are you coming down right away?"

"Yes," said Will, who shut the door and aroused his companion.

While they were dressing, Dick astonished him with his discoveries of the night.

"Do you mean to say that Chance and Jenkins are running this house?" asked Will, in some surprise.

"They appear to be connected with the roost."

"And you say they robbed the two men who came here after we got to bed?"

"The evidence points that way."

"You'll tell the men, of course, what you saw?"

"I certainly intend to as soon as I hear them kicking about the loss of their money."

"That will fix the rascals," said Will.

"I hope so. It's time they landed behind the bars."

The boys dressed in a hurry, but the gentlemen in the next room preceded them downstairs. They went at once to a room where two small tables were spread for the early meal, and the red-headed boy showed them to the one nearest the windows. Dick and Will entered the room five or six minutes afterward and were told to sit at the other table, which they did. The two gentlemen, who were dressed and appeared to be prosperous, looked at the boys, who had on their best clothes and presented a very genteel appearance.

"Why, that's Mr. Gates," whispered Will to Dick. "He's a Curb broker. Don't you know him by sight?"

"I thought his face looked familiar. Know the other party?"

"No."

"They're looking at us."

"They're welcome to do that, as there's no law against it."

Here the red-headed lad entered with a plate of cereal for each.

"How did you sleep last night?" he grinned.

"First-rate," replied Dick.

"Found the bed all right, eh?"

"I've slept in better," said Dick.

"I gave you the best in the house."

At that moment Chance came into the room. The moment he looked at the boys he knew them; but he gave no evidence of the fact. Will recog-

nized him, as Dick had during the night, but neither let on they had ever seen him before. He went over and spoke to the two gentlemen, asked them if they were getting what they wanted, and then left the room. Breakfast proceeded to its conclusion, and the four went into the public room to settle their bills. Mr. Gates pulled out his wallet to pay the score for himself and friend. He opened it, took out a wad and skinning off a bill, tossed it on the counter, returning the wad to the pocketbook in an offhand way, and putting it in his pocket. Chance took the bill and handed him back two ones and a dime.

"I'm charging you with five gallons of gasoline which my boy brought from the village this morning and put in your tank," he said.

"Much obliged. He didn't go way to Brookville for it, did he?" said Gates.

"Brookville isn't more than a mile and a half from here."

"No?" replied the Curb broker, in a tone of surprise. "I asked your boy last night how far away the next village was and he told us fifteen miles."

"You must have misunderstood him. Perhaps he said fifteen minutes' ride by auto. He couldn't have said fifteen miles, for he knows better."

"I asked him the same question," put in Dick, "and he told me eight or nine miles."

Chance yelled for the boy, who presently appeared.

"Look here, Jimmy, did you tell that young man last night that Brookville was eight or nine miles from here?"

"Yep," grinned the youth.

"What did you do that for?"

"To get him and his friend to stay all night. I wanted to help business."

"Help business! Do you want to hurt the reputation of the house? This gentleman says you told him Brookville was fifteen miles from here. Did you do that?"

"I dunno whether I did or not. What difference did it make, anyway? They couldn't go on, for they were out of gasoline."

"We might have run a couple of miles," said the broker. "However, it doesn't matter now. Come, Bishop, let's get on."

"How much do we owe you?" said Dick to Chance.

"Two dollars for you both."

"Great grasshoppers! Where's my money?" cried Will, feeling for his \$3.

"I've got it," said Dick, "but I left it in the room."

He ran upstairs and found his roll under his pillow where he had put it. Coming down, he paid the landlord and started for the yard with Will. The two brokers were just passing out into the road in their car.

"You go and fetch the car out of the shed," said Dick. "I want to speak to the gentlemen."

Will walked toward the place where their auto was, while Dick held up his hand for the gentlemen to stop.

Dick then acquainted the man with the news that the landlord had robbed them, and suggested they look at their money rolls, which they did and found that most all of the money consisted of Confederate money. They were for going in and making a fuss, but Dick advised them not

to do so, as they would probably be handled roughly. He advised that they go to Brookville and lodge a complaint. He acquainted them with the details of the Drew robbery, which occurred at the other place conducted by these man. So the brokers followed Dick's advice, and started on. Dick and Will followed them. A complaint was lodged with the justice at Brookville, but when the warrant officers reached the inn it was closed. The robbers had made themselves scarce.

The following week Dick got a tip that a syndicate was cornering C. & Q. shares. He invested all his capital in 200 shares at 90. The stock kept on rising until it reached 110, when he sold out. When the bank settled he was \$4,000 ahead of the deal.

CHAPTER V.—Jimmy Day.

About the middle of August Dick came in for his week's vacation.

"It's too bad we can't both go away together," said Will.

"That's right," nodded Dick, "but, you see, one of us is needed at the office."

"Where are you going to spend your week?"

"I think I'll take the boss' auto and make the trip to Boston and back. I've got a road guide that gives the choice of several routes."

"What one are you going to take?"

"What is called the shore route. It goes up by New Rochelle, to Portchester, across the State line to Greenwich, Connecticut, and takes in Norwalk, Bridgeport, New Haven, crosses the Connecticut River at Old Lynne, and so on to New London, from which place I think I'll branch off into the interior."

"You're not going alone, are you?"

"Well, hardly. I'm going to take Jimmy Day, the newsboy, for company. He's a clever little lad and it will be a great treat for him."

"Will his mother let him go?"

"Why not? Jimmy won't get the chance again in a hurry."

"Has he ever ridden in an automobile?"

"I don't believe he's had the opportunity. Take it from me, Mrs. Day will be quite proud to have Jimmy go on such a trip. She won't get over talking about it to the neighbors till after we get back."

"You'll start on Saturday afternoon?"

"Of course. It will take the best part of three days to reach Boston in that car, so we won't have much time to put in there. Jimmy's never been twenty miles from New York all his life, and a trip to the Hub will be the biggest event in his life."

"You'll have to rig him out in a new suit. The trip is going to cost you something."

"What's the odds? I've made a big wad out of C. & Q. and can afford the raffle."

That afternoon Dick met Jimmy selling papers as usual on the street.

"Hello, Jimmy!"

"Hello, boss! Here's yer paper."

"Aren't you tired of hustling around in this kind of weather?"

"Bet yer life I am; but I've got to do it. Dere's no rest for dem wot's got to hustle for a livin'. Look at me mudder—she's got to scrub offices

in summer as well as winter. I wish I was rich, and den I'd take de old woman to Coney and blow her to a month's vacation."

"You never read the Arabian Nights, did you, Jimmy?"

"Wot's dat? One of dem magazines wit' de swell-lookin' covers?"

"No, Jimmy, the Arabian Nights is a book of short stories—some of them very wonderful. For instance, one of them is a story about a young Arabian and his wonderful lamp."

"Wot was dere wonderful about de gink's lamp?"

"He had only to rub it and he got whatever he wanted."

"Hully gee! Rub it and get whatever he wanted. If I had dat lamp I'd rub it every minute."

"There was another story about a caliph, that was the title of a great man in the Mohammedan Empire in those days, who, walking about his chief town one night, came across a poor chap who wished he was rich and powerful so he could have a good time generally."

"I'll bet dat he didn't wish it no harder dan me."

"The caliph thought he'd have some fun with him, so he had him drugged and carried to his palace and dressed in swell clothes. When the chap woke up he was astonished to find himself surrounded with luxury and slaves ready to wait on him. He was told that he was the caliph himself, and he spent a week having the time of his life."

"I wish I'd been in dat guy's shoes."

"Well, Jimmy, I'm going to play caliph with you."

"How yer goin' to do it, boss?"

"I go on my vacation Saturday at noon, and I'm going to take an automobile trip to Boston. It will take a week and a day or two over to do the thing up brown. Now, I've made up my mind to treat you to a new suit of clothes and take you with me."

"Take me wit' yer! Hully gee! yer don't mean dat!"

"Yes, I do. Will you go?"

"Will I go! Will a duck swim?"

"Your mother won't object, I suppose?"

"Leave dat to me, boss. If yer'll take me, she won't put up no kick. Ef I went to Boston wit' yer in an auto me old woman would be dat proud yer couldn't touch her wit' a ten-foot pole."

"Then it's understood you'll go."

"Yer foolin', ain't yer?"

"Not at all. I'm going to use the boss's car. You'll have a fine ride, three square meals a day and sleep every night at some hotel. We'll get back some time on Monday forenoon. You'll be away about nine days altogether."

"I'm afraid me mudder'll have a fit when I tell her. She'll want to know who de gent is dat's taken a shine to me."

"Tell her it's your old college chum, Dick Dexter," laughed the young messenger.

"Me old college chum is good," grinned Jimmy. "I'll tell her me friend Dick Dexter, of Wall Street."

"To-morrow afternoon you must go with me and get fitted to a new suit to wear on the trip. You can afterward wear it as your Sunday suit."

"Are yer goin' to fit me out in new togs? Yer must have found a wad of money somewhere."

"I've made a little pile in the stock market lately and I'm going to blow a little of it in on you."

"I reckon you're as fine as dey come. I ain't had a new soot in a coon's age. De gang I run wit' 'll drop dead when dey see me lookin' like a dood."

"Well, you've got to look respectable to go with me, and I'm willing to pay the cost of it. You've never traveled in an auto, I guess."

"Gosh, no! Dat has alwus been too rich for me blood."

"Then this trip will be a new experience for you."

"Are yer really goin' to Boston? Dat's a long way off."

"Six hundred miles or so. I expect to cover 100 miles or more a day, taking things easy."

Dick promised to give Jimmy \$5 in cash, in addition to the suit of clothes, to hand over to his mother, as he earned about that much a week selling papers. On the following afternoon he took the newsboy to an outfitter's and bought him a good blue serge suit, a straw hat, a shirt, half a dozen collars, and a neat tie. He also got him a couple of pairs of summer striped socks, and a pair of low-cut tan shoes. To this outfit he added a few other necessary things, and bought a small suitcase for Jimmy to carry his extra things, including a change of underclothing. The newsboy had never fallen into such a piece of luck in his life, and he was so happy over things that he felt like whooping all the way home with his bundles.

It was arranged between them that he was to meet Dick at his office at noon on the following day, when they would have lunch together, ride uptown to the garage, get the auto and start on their trip. Jimmy told all his friends about the fine trip he was going on with Dick Dexter, a Wall Street messenger. Most of them couldn't believe it, and told him he was "stringing" them.

"All right, youse chaps needn't believe me. Ef yer went to see me rigged out for de ride jest yer be 'round me house 'bout eleven to-morrer."

"Aw, quit yer kiddin', Jimmy!" said one of his cronies. "Where'd yer get de price of a noo soot?"

"Don't yer worry 'bout dat, Casey. You come 'round and yer'll see."

"How kin I come 'round when I'm workin'?"

"Micky Welch ain't workin'. He kin be 'round to see me off and he'll tell yer all 'bout me style."

"Do yer t'ink I'm goin' to hang 'round yer house to-morrer mornin' to be fooled? I guess not!" said Micky. "I'm goin' in swimmin' at de dock."

"Yer don't have to be 'round ef yer don't want to. Dere are udders dat'll see me and dey'll tell yer how I look in me new clo's," said Jimmy.

Next morning at ten o'clock Jimmy quit selling papers and hurried up to the tenement where he lived. He had sneaked his bundles into the place without his mother seeing them, for she was out at work at the time.

"Look, it's here early ye are, Jimmy," said his mother, when he appeared.

"That's because I'm goin' out in de automobile for a week's trip to Boston," grinned the boy.

"What's that?" cried Mrs. Day, as she went on with her ironing.

But Jimmy had disappeared into his little room where he slept on a cot. He pulled the bundles and the suitcase from under his cot, got into his new duds in short order, and suddenly appeared before his mother with his suitcase in his hand.

"Good-by, mudder! I'll see yer in a week," he said.

Mrs. Day gave him one look and fell back in a chair.

"For the love of Heaven, who is this?" she ejaculated, in amazement.

"Don't yer know me, mudder?" grinned the boy.

"Know yez! Well, if it ain't me Jimmy, and all togged out to bate the band. Where did yez get thim clothes? Have yez been robbin' some store on the Bowery? Oh, Jimmy, Jimmy, I never thought I'd live to see yez in jail."

"Rob nothin'. Dese was given to me."

"Given to ye! Sure who would presint yez wid such an elegint shute as that?"

"Me friend, Dick Dexter, of Wall Street."

"Your fri'nd, Dick Dexter! Faith, I didn't know yez had a banker for a fri'nd. Sure what did yez do for him that he was so liberal, I'd like to know?"

"Yer see, mudder, he wants me to go to Boston wid him in his auto, and I couldn't go in me old clo's, so he bought me dis new soot so I'd look respectable—get me?"

"Sure he must be made of money to indulge in such extravagance."

"He's got de mazuma, don't yer worry. Here's de change I made off de papers dis mornin'. Guess I'd better keep it for pocket money. Here's \$5 dat me friend told me to hand yer to make up for me lost time next week. Now, den, kiss me, mudder. I've got to get down to Wall Street by noon, and it's near dat now."

"Upon my word, it's quite the gintleman yez look entirely. Let me show ye to Mrs. Finnerty next dure. She'll be that jealous she'll fall in a fit, for her own Teddy looks like a ragamuffin, the omadhoun!"

Jimmy had no objection to making their next-door neighbor throw a fit, and his mother knocked at the door of the Finnerty apartment. Mrs. Finnerty herself appeared 'fresh from the wash-tub.

"Good mornin' to yez, Mrs. Finnerty!" said Mrs. Day. "I thought I'd show yez how well me Jimmy looks in his new suit. It's goin' automobilin' he is to Boston this blessid minute," added Mrs. Day proudly.

"For the love of Mike!" gasped Mrs. Finnerty. "Is this your Jimmy?"

"Faith, who else 'ud it be, ma'am?"

"And where did he git thim clothes?" asked Mrs. Finnerty, hardly believing that it really was Jimmy Day who faced her.

"Where do ye s'pose he got thim? Out of a store, av course."

"Sure where would he get the money to buy thim stylish duds? Did he find it on the strate?" said the woman jealously.

"Not at all. A Wall Strate banker presinted thim to him."

"A Wall Strate banker, indade. Do vez think

I'll be after belavin' that? He must have stolen thim."

"What's that!" cried Mrs. Day, bridling up. "Don't yez say that ag'in, or I'll wipe the flure wid ye. No lady would be guilty of sayin' such a thing."

"I'm as much av a lady as yoursilf, Mrs. Day. Good mornin'!"

Bang! went the door in the faces of Jimmy and his mother.

"Good-by, mother! I'm off," said Jimmy, who was in a hurry to get away.

Down the stairs he flew and reached the sidewalk in a twinkling. Two of his friends were lounging there, but they did not recognize him.

"Hello, feliers! I'm off on me automobile trip to Boston!" he said, as he hurried by them.

They stared at the well-dressed boy. They knew Jimmy's voice, but they did not know Jimmy himself as he passed them and rushed up to the corner. It was a quarter-past twelve when he walked into Broker Arnold's office and found Dick and Will talking together.

"Hello, Jimmy!" said Will. "You're in luck."

The newsboy grinned. Dick was ready to go, and so he and Jimmy passed out and made for a restaurant. An hour later they were at the garage, and fifteen minutes after that they were rolling up toward the Harlem River.

CHAPTER VI.—The Hold-Up and What Followed

Jimmy sat alongside of Dick on the front seat and his freckled face glowed with the delight he felt in riding in a real motor car—a treat he had never enjoyed before. His face was washed, his hair combed neatly and his new clothes fitted him well, but there was no way of disguising the tough look that rested on his face. You can't make a young gentleman out of a street boy all at once. Even if his face didn't give him away, his language did, but Dick didn't mind that, for his companion's talk amused him. Although Jimmy's associates were a rough crowd and not over-select in their morals, the newsboy was a pretty good boy himself. Dick had known him for more than a year and liked him first rate.

"Dis is fine!" said Jimmy, in a sort of rapturous tone.

"Yes, it's quite exhilarating."

"Where did yer get de car?"

"It's an old one belonging to my boss. He doesn't use it any more, and he lets me have it whenever I want it."

"He's all right."

"Yes, he's a nice man."

They crossed the river and ran up to the Boston Road, which they took northward. Dick let out a little more speed, and Jimmy was still more delighted.

"We're goin' as fast as de elevated," he said.

"Oh, this isn't fast. I'll show you some speed after a while, but we can't go as fast as I'd like to, for it's against the speed law."

They passed through a part of Mount Vernon and went on toward New Rochelle, where they struck a clear road straight ahead and Dick let the machine out a few notches above the regulation limit, but he didn't keep it up. In due time

they passed Portchester, entered the State of Connecticut and made their first stop at Stamford. It was nearly four o'clock.

"Say, boss, how far are we from Wall Street?" asked Jimmy.

"About thirty-six miles."

They made their next stop at Bridgeport, nearly sixty miles from New York, at half-past five. Dick rode about some of the streets to show Jimmy the place and then they stopped at a restaurant and had supper. They started again at seven, en route for Skelton, on the Housatonic River. When it began to grow dark Dick stopped to light the lamps.

"Gosh! I never wuz so far from de city in all me life," said Jimmy.

"Well, you like it, don't you?"

"Bet yer life I do! Goin' to ride all night?"

"Oh, no! We'll put up at some place along the route. It's only eight now, and as it's a fine night we might as well be riding as loafing around a hotel."

They were riding into Skelton by that time and they were soon on the bridge that took them into Derby.

"We'll stop at Naugatuck. That's about ninety miles from New York by this road."

"Ninety miles! Gosh! Me mudder is a long way back."

Between Seymour and Beacon Falls they came up with a stalled car. There were two ladies on the back seat, and the gentleman who was running the machine was trying to make some repairs and was not very successful at it. Dick stopped on request.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

The gentleman explained and asked Dick to give him a hand. Dick ran his machine ahead of the other and got out. He and the gentleman potted away at the car for half an hour, but couldn't get it to go. The gentleman said that he, his wife and her sister, who was about sixteen, were going to a farmhouse a couple of miles off on a branch road to spend a couple of weeks.

They had made their arrangements through an advertisement they had seen in a New York City daily. When all their efforts failed, Dick and he would pull them and their machine to the farmhouse, and the gentleman accepted his kind offer. He said his name was Brown, and introduced Dick to his wife and young sister-in-law, whose name was Mattie Ford. Dick had a strong rope in his car, and he fastened the two autos together. The gentleman got in the car with him and Jimmy and they started on slowly. Turning into the branch road, they shortly made out a light ahead.

"I guess that's the farmhouse," said Mr. Brown.

It was not the farmhouse, but a ramshackle building beside the road. Three men, with clothes across their faces, suddenly appeared from behind the trees and, with pointed revolvers, ordered Dick to stop.

"What does this mean?" cried the young messenger, as he shut off the power.

"Get out of the car, all of you!" said the leader of the bunch roughly. There was nothing to do but obey this order, as the party had no weapons. Their arms were tied and they were shoved into the house. All the suitcases were

taken from the two cars and taken into the house. Then Mrs. Brown and her sister were ordered to get out, which they did, in fear and trembling. They were escorted into a back room and left there in the dark. The ruffians searched the gentleman and the two boys and all their money was taken from them. The keys of the suitcases were taken from them and those articles searched. There was nothing in Dick's or Jimmy's to tempt the rascals, but they found some jewelry and other articles in Mrs. Brown's case and appropriated the plunder. Then the rascals went outside, cut the cars loose and turned Dick's auto down the road. One of them returned to the house, freed Jimmy, wished them all good-night and left. A moment or two later the rascals started off with Mr. Arnold's car.

"This is a nice pickle to be in," said Dick. "Cut us free, Jimmy."

Jimmy did so, and Dick rushed outside, but the road in both directions was silent and lonesome.

"I'm afraid this is the end of my Boston trip," muttered Dick, as he returned to the house.

He found Mrs. Brown and her sister in the front room, greatly excited and distressed. The contents of the five suitcases lay turned out on the floor, for the rascals had not taken the trouble to put the things back.

"How far do you think it is to the farmhouse?" Dick asked the gentlemen, as he and Jimmy started to put their things back into the cases.

"It can't be very far," answered Mr. Brown. "I'm sorry we got you into this muddle. You've lost your car, though it is probable that the rascals won't take it farther than the nearest railroad station."

"I don't know about that," said Dick. "An auto is a very convenient vehicle for them to escape in."

"But they stand more chance of being caught if they stick to it than if they abandon it for a train."

"No matter about that now. You'd better take the ladies and your suitcases on to the farmhouse. We'll start back on foot to the road we met you on, make our way back to Seymour, and notify the police there about this outrage."

"I suppose it's the best thing you can do," said Mr. Brown.

"That's the way I look at it," said Dick. "You'd better borrow some kind of a rig at the farmhouse and follow us."

"I will," said the gentleman.

Dick and Jimmy, taking their suitcases, which were light, in their hands, started back along the road.

"We've met with an adventure not down on the program, Jimmy," said Dick.

"Dat was a reg'lar hold-up," said the newsboy. "Jest like wot yer read 'bout in de story books."

"The hero of a story book would have drawn a gun and captured the three men, single-handed."

"Dem roosters had guns demselves. I guess dat t'ree guns would have made de hero look foolish. Why, none of us had de chance to draw a gun ef we had one."

"Things happen differently in real life to what they do in story books. If this hold-up had been a story-book one, the author would have seen that we had guns in the car ready to use."

"Dat's right. In dat case we'd have pulled out the guns and blown de roofs off dem gazabos."

"We're in a pretty bad scrape, Jimmy. We've lost our car and also all our money. We haven't the price of a bed to-night, nor a meal to-morrow. I'll have to wire Will Godfrey to send me on some funds," said Dick.

"Dey didn't get but sixty cents out of me clo's, but dey got a wad from youse."

"The sixty cents means as much to you as the wad does to me. I wouldn't care so much about the money if I could recover the car. The money I can replace, but those chaps may knock thunder out of the car before they get through with it," said Dick.

By this time they had reached the road. An auto was coming from the direction of Seymour. Dick signaled it to stop.

"Did you meet a red car going in the direction of Seymour, with three men in it?" he asked the man on the front seat.

"We passed a red car standing beside the road about half a mile from here. There was nobody in it or near it," was the reply.

Dick's heart gave a big jump.

"Half a mile from here, you say?"

"About that."

"Thank you. Much obliged for the information. Come on, Jimmy, that's our car as sure as fate. The rascals must have left it there," said Dick.

They hurried forward and in about ten minutes came in sight of a red light.

"There she is now," said Dick.

The red light proved to be attached to an auto at rest, and a closer inspection showed it was their own. The reason why the rascals abandoned it was apparent. The tire on one of the front wheels had collapsed from the effects of a puncture and the rascals apparently did not know how to replace it with the spare one strapped to the machine. At any rate, they had left the car and skipped.

"Well, Jimmy, we must take that tire off and put on the new one you see there."

"Gosh! Kin yer do it?"

"Sure, with a little help from you."

The first thing Dick did was to get out the implement for jacking up the axle. As soon as the wheel was clear of the ground, he unscrewed the fastenings that held the tire and pulled it off. The spare tire was taken out of its case, put on the wheel, and screwed tight. The whole operation did not take more than twenty minutes, and then they were ready to proceed. Dick ran the car to Seymour, inquired for the police stationhouse, and on reaching that place told his story of the hold-up. The police said they would look for the rascals, and Dick could do nothing more. He went to a small hotel, told his story to the night clerk, and asked for accommodations for the night.

"I'll telegraph for money in the morning, but I can't tell when I'll get it, as to-morrow is Sunday. I'll put up my car here if you've got a place to stow it," he said.

"I'll give you a room," said the clerk. "We have a place for automobiles."

He rang a bell and a man came forward.

"Show this young man where to put his auto," said the clerk.

Jimmy waited till Dick came back, and then they went to the room assigned to them and turned in. They were downstairs early next morning, but found that the Western Union office wouldn't be open till half-past eight. As breakfast wasn't ready yet, they went out for a walk and strolled down to the Naugatuck River. While standing in the shadow of a building, three men came along and stopped near them.

"The safest thing for us to do is to hire a boat for a sail and run down to Bridgeport in her, where we can shake her and take a train to New York. We'd have been all right if that blame tire hadn't busted and compelled us to walk here," said one of the men.

"Those are the chaps that robbed us and the Brown party, Jimmy," said Dick, grabbing his companion by the arm. "If there was a cop in sight I'd put him on to them. We must watch them. If they get away in a boat we'll notify the police and get them pinched at Bridgeport when they reach there."

The men started off to look for a sailboat, and the boys followed them at a distance. There was a boat tied up to a small wharf and the men went to look at her. The owner of the boat was not on hand, nor was there anybody else around at the moment except themselves and the two boys. They decided to run off with the boat, and were unmooring her when the leader piped off Dick and Jimmy watching them.

His sharp eyes detected a resemblance in the lads to those they had robbed the night before, and he called the attention of his companions to the fact. After a consultation they decided on a plan of action. Two of them disappeared around a building and got behind Dick and Jimmy before the boys got on to their bluff. Then they made a dash, cornered Dick and seized him, but Jimmy was too spry for them, and got away.

CHAPTER VII.—Sharp Work.

In the grasp of two strong men, Dick's struggles amounted to nothing, and he was hauled down on the wharf.

"Tie his hands and put him in the cabin," said the leader.

Dick was tied; but the door of the cabin being secured by a padlock he could not be put in there, so he was shoved down into a small space forward, used for cooking purposes, and the scuttle fastened down on him. The men then hurried their movements, cut loose from the wharf and put out into the river. Dick, left to himself, found that his hands had been so hurriedly tied that a little straining at his bonds was bound to effect his release. Inside of five minutes he was free. The dim light coming through under the edges of the scuttle showed him a door. He tried the handle and it opened and let him into the cabin. A small skylight of heavy ground glass admitted enough light for him to see everything around him. The cabin was furnished with two berths—one on either side of the vessel.

There was a locker underneath each. Hanging in a corner was a navy revolver in a holster.

"If that's bad I'll make these fellows dance if I can get a shot at them," he said to himself.

He took the revolver down and found it was fully loaded. The boat was sailing down the river under a light breeze. Dick, knowing that the cabin door was padlocked, made no attempt to open it in order to get at the rascals, whom it was his purpose to surprise. Of course, he remembered they were armed with revolvers, too, but it was his purpose to get the drop on them and wound them before they could draw their guns. He was fully resolved to get his money back, and the property belonging to the Browns, if he could. He looked at the skylight and saw that it opened on hinges, and was secured by a hook.

It would be easy to open if he could find something to stand on. There was nothing in the cabin, however, that would serve his purpose. At that moment one of the men began pounding on the padlock that held the door, with the butt of his revolver, in an effort to break it. Not succeeding very well, he attempted to pry the hasp off. This was also a failure. Then he raised his foot and gave the door itself a tremendous kick. The wood gave a little, and thus encouraged, he repeated the kick until part of the door gave way. The end of the hasp fell out and the rascal pulled the fractured door open. Dick, seeing how things were likely to end, had retreated to the cooking room. Two of the men entered the cabin, looked around and opened the lockers:

They pulled everything out, but discovered nothing they cared to appropriate. While they were on their hands and knees Dick pushed the door of the cooking place open and fired at the right arm of one of them. The fellow dropped his arm with a cry of pain. Before either had recovered from his surprise, Dick rushed over and hit the second man with the butt of his weapon, stunning him. He also gave the wounded man a clip that dazed him, and taking advantage of their helplessness, he pulled their revolvers out of their hip pockets. The third man, who was at the helm, had been taken by surprise by the report of the pistol, and his first impression was that his companions had met with somebody in the cabin, though how anybody could be in there with the door fastened on the outside he did not consider at the moment. He leaned forward and looked into the cabin. He saw his pals laid out and the boy he supposed was a prisoner coming toward him with a revolver in each hand. With an imprecation, he reached for his own gun. Dick was expecting some such move on his part, and as self-preservation is the first law of Nature, the boy made no bones about firing at him point-blank. The ball went through his shoulder and he fell back with a groan, his weapon dropping on the floor of the cockpit. Dick stepped outside and picked it up. Laying his own revolver and the man's on the seat, he pulled the ruffian away from the tiller, which he seized himself, and bringing the head of the boat around he headed her back up the river. Then he had the opportunity to review his strenuous work of the last few minutes. By a rapid and nervy move he had made himself master of the situation.

"I was lucky to carry things out without catching a bullet myself," he said to himself. "Laying out three armed men is going some. Had I failed to carry out the surprise completely, I'm afraid I would have got myself in a bad predicament."

ment. As I am not much of a boatman, it is fortunate for me the wind is so light, otherwise I might capsize the boat. I wonder what Jimmy did after I was carried off? I dare say he notified the police and they have telegraphed the Bridgeport authorities to look out for the sloop. And I dare say the police of Skelton, opposite the mouth of this river, where it connects with the Hoosatic, have also been asked to cut the boat off at that point. Well, I've saved them the trouble of exerting themselves. These men would have put up a fight, and, being armed, a policeman or two might have been laid out. I guess I'm entitled to the thanks of the force."

The boat hadn't gone far on her return trip when the wounded man in the cabin recovered his senses. Dick heard him groan and swear, and finally saw his face at the cabin door. The rascal saw his other pal stretched out unconscious nearby and he glared at the boy. As it seemed improbable that Dick alone could have laid them all out, the man rolled his eyes around in expectation of seeing somebody else on the scene. There was no one but the boy.

"You've broken my wrist, you young imp!" he said.

"Can't help it. I had to do it, or you would have shot me," said Dick.

The man made an effort with his left hand to reach his hip pocket. He found that his weapon was not there, and he uttered an imprecation. Then he turned around, crawled over to his pal in the cabin and felt for his revolver. It was gone, too. The ruffian saw that they were in the boy's power and he swore roundly for a few moments. Dick watched his movements and chuckled. For the next ten minutes the rascal did nothing but hold up his wounded wrist, around which he had wrapped his handkerchief. Finally he came over to the door again.

"What are you going to do with us?" he said.

"Hand you over to the police."

"On what charge?"

"You stole this boat, didn't you?"

"No; we only borrowed her."

"You and your pals held up five of us, including two ladies, last night on the branch road between Seymour and Beacon Falls."

"We didn't do any such thing."

"No? I can swear that you did. Don't think because you had your faces disguised that I and my friends didn't know you this morning. That charge you chaps will have to face."

"You can't prove nothing against us," said the man, in a surly tone.

"We'll see if we can't."

There was silence for a few minutes and then the fellow said:

"What'll you take to let us out of this?"

"I'll take nothing. You can't buy me off."

"I'll give you \$100."

"A thousand dollars wouldn't bribe me."

"You'd better take it. You can't prove nothing, and if you put us in jail we'll get back at you for it."

"You're only wasting your breath talking. Go back and nurse your wrist."

"All right. You'll regret your refusal," said the fellow, giving the boy a black look.

There was no further communication between them, and in half an hour Dick ran the boat in

to the wharf, where he found the owner of the boat in a great stew over the disappearance of his property.

"I've got the men who ran over with her," said Dick, as the owner got aboard and a small crowd gathered at the end of the wharf.

"Did you shoot this man?" asked the owner, looking at the unconscious fellow in the cockpit.

"Yes, and another inside, and I put the third out of business, too."

"What! Were there three of them?" asked the owner, looking into the cabin. "Confound them, they have broken the door. They shall answer for that!"

"They have something more serious to answer for," said Dick.

"What's that?"

"Highway robbery."

"How came you to be aboard with them?" asked the owner suspiciously.

"They carried me off with them."

"Carried you off! What for?"

"Because I'm a witness against them in the robbery and because my friend and I discovered them making off with your boat this morning."

"Where is your friend?"

"They tried to catch him, too, but he escaped, and I suppose he went to notify the police."

"When did all this happen?"

"About half-past seven. Say, I wish one of you people would go to the station house and tell the police that the three men concerned in last night's hold-up between here and Beacon Falls are prisoners aboard a sloop at this wharf."

One of the men immediately started off to do so.

"Say, young man, where do you hail from?" asked the boat's owner.

"New York City."

Dick gave an outline of the previous night's hold-up and robbery, and stated that he and his friend were making an automobile trip to Boston and back.

"And these are the men who committed the robbery and escaped in your car?" said the owner.

"Yes."

"What did these men do with your auto?"

Dick told them how he and Jimmy had started to walk to the town to give information of the robbery to the police, and found their car stalled along the road.

"We put a new tire on and came here and reported the case to the authorities. We put up at the Seymour House, and this morning we got up early to telegraph to New York for money, but finding the office closed we strolled down here and accidentally discovered the three rascals just before they took your boat," said Dick.

Nothing was done until several policemen arrived with a wagon. The crooks were taken to the station house, accompanied by Dick, who learned there that the morning's incident had been reported by Jimmy, and that the police of Skelton had been notified to cut off the boat and arrest the three men. The prisoners were searched and all the stolen money and jewels were found on them, which clinched the case against them. The chap wounded in the wrist was patched up by the surgeon of police, but the other wounded man was so seriously hurt that he was sent to the town hospital to be attended to. The

story told by Dick astonished the police. It seemed incredible that a boy had been able, single-handed, to overcome and capture three armed rascals.

"I just happened to be lucky," said Dick. "I took them by surprise, and I shot the two because I couldn't afford to take any more chances than I could help."

Dick, however, found that he was under technical arrest for the shooting. He was not locked up, but permitted to return to the hotel on his promise not to leave town until discharged from custody by the local magistrate.

"I suppose I can't have my money back?" he said.

"No. We have got to hold the money and jewelry as evidence against the men," he was told.

"I'm dead broke."

"I'll lend you a \$5 bill, which you can return to me later," said the officer.

Dick took the money and started for the hotel, where Jimmy had been sent to remain under orders from the police.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Man Under the Lounge.

Dick found Jimmy seated on the veranda, watching what was going on around.

"Hully gee! is that you, Dick?" cried the news-boy, jumping up in astonishment, for he had no expectations of seeing the young messenger back so soon.

"It's me, Jimmy," replied Dick cheerfully.

"Did ther fellers put yer ashore?"

"No. I brought myself to the shore."

"Is dat so? How did yer do it?"

"Have you had your breakfast?"

"Yep, and it wuz a scrumptious one, bet yer life. Never seen so many good t'ings at one time in me life."

"Well, you wait here till I see if I can get mine," said Dick.

The dining room was open till ten on Sundays, but it was so close to that hour that Dick was not sure he would be served. He asked the clerk, and was told to go in. When he got through, he rejoined Jimmy on the porch and told him all about his strenuous adventure on the river.

"Gosh! Dat wuz just like a scene from a story," said Jimmy. "I reckon dat no hero could have done better. So yer captured de t'ree of dem?"

"Yes, and I'm under arrest for shooting the two."

"Under arrest! Why, yer had to shoot 'em!"

"I know that, but I'll get off when the case comes up in the morning before the magistrate. This detention is going to delay us considerably on our trip. I expected to be halfway to Boston by to-night, for Sunday is a good day to make time."

Dick said he was going back to the station house to see if Mr. Brown had turned up yet; if not, he was going to get permission to go out to the farmhouse and tell him how things had turned out. On their arrival at the police station they found Mr. Brown there. He had been informed of the capture of the rascals, and of Dick's agency in it. He shook Dick by the hand, and told him he was a plucky boy.

"It was impossible for me to reach here last evening unless I walked, for the farmer's only available rig was absent in Naugatuck, and did not get back till very late. I am glad to hear that you recovered your car, and I am delighted to know that we shall get our money and my wife's jewelry back."

He invited Dick to come out to the farmhouse with his friend and dine with him.

"Sorry, but I'm under police orders not to leave this town. I am under arrest for shooting those two men," said Dick.

"But you only did your duty," said Mr. Brown.

"That's the way I look at it, but you see I broke the law, just the same. However, I'll get off all right. The magistrate won't hold me. I couldn't have captured those fellows any other way. They'd have shot me if I'd given them half a chance."

Mr. Brown interviewed the chief of police, and asked that Dick be allowed to go to the farmhouse on his promise to return in due time. The chief agreed, so Dick got out his auto and followed the light wagon, which had brought Mr. Brown to town. Jimmy, of course, went along. The boys were welcomed by Mrs. Brown and her sister. The ladies were delighted when informed that the rascals had been captured and their property recovered. Dick was regarded as quite a hero, and he bore his honors modestly.

Before he and Jimmy started back to Seymour, Dick got very well acquainted with Miss Ford, and found her a very nice young lady. Dick reported his return at the station house, and then went back to the hotel. At half-past nine next morning a policeman came to the hotel for the boys, and took them to the magistrate's court. The case was called as soon as Mr. Brown arrived with his wife and her sister. Two of the prisoners were brought in and pleaded not guilty.

All hands in turn went on the witness stand, but none of them could positively swear that the prisoners were the same men who had held them up. Mrs. Brown and Miss Ford identified their jewelry, but it was impossible for Mr. Brown and Dick to swear to the money. All they could do was to name the sum they had lost. The sum taken from the prisoners footed up a little more than the whole amount stolen, and the magistrate, in view of the identification of the jewelry, regarded it as a certain fact that the money shown as evidence was the stolen bills. The rascals were held for trial.

On the report of the hospital authorities that the badly wounded prisoner would recover, Dick was discharged from custody. The magistrate said that the money and jewelry would be retained to be used at the men's trial, and a receipt was given to each person for their share. As Mr. Brown and the boys were not residents of the State, the magistrate said it would be necessary for them to give bonds to insure their appearance at the trial.

This was an awkward matter for the parties, but the matter was finally compromised when Mr. Brown showed his business card as a New York merchant and said he could be depended on to appear when notified. He said he would hold himself responsible also for the appearance of the boys. Dick had, in the meanwhile, telegraphed to the office for \$50, and he got it by

wire on his return from the court. After dinner at the hotel he and Jimmy continued their trip to Boston. They reached the Hub in due time, but their stay was cut short owing to the unexpected delay at Seymour. They spent a day and a night there, during which time Dick showed Jimmy as much of the city as he could. They took in one show and started back next morning, reaching New York late on Monday night, having been away ten days. Jimmy found himself a person of considerable importance when he returned to the tenement where he lived. His mother had spread the news about his outing, and everybody in the block knew about it, and all the boys were watching for him to come back.

He held a regular levee on the sidewalk, and his gang gaped when he told them about the hold-up and Dick's subsequent adventure on the river. Dick found that Will had gone on his vacation to some place in the Catskills, the name of which his friend stated in the note he left for him. Toward the end of a slow week, Dick learned that a syndicate had been formed to corner and boom A. & G. shares. As soon as he had made certain of the fact, he bought 500 shares of the stock on the usual margin at 75. On the following Monday Will reported for work again.

He told Dick he had had a bang-up time, and had made the acquaintance of several nice New York girls who had invited him to call on them when they got back to the city themselves. Mr. Arnold came to the office three times a week, as business was beginning to pick up. When Saturday came around again, A. & G. was up to 90, and Dick looked to see it boom on the following week.

As Dick started for the bank on Saturday at a quarter of twelve, he ran against a bearded man at the door. There was a familiar look about him, but as the young messenger was in a hurry, he did not give the visitor a second thought. When he got back and turned the bank book over to the cashier, Will came up to him.

"Say, a funny thing happened while you was out," he said. "A man came in here and asked for you. I told him you had just gone to the bank, and told him to sit down and wait. He sat down. In a few minutes I stepped out in the corridor to talk to your friend Jimmy, who brought our papers, and when I returned the man I am telling you about was not in the waiting room. I can swear he didn't come out of the office, so the question is, where did he go?"

"Did he have a heavy dark beard?" asked Dick.

"Yes. You must have seen him."

"He came in as I went out on my way to the bank."

"The only place he could have gone was in the boss's private room, where he had no business to go. I went in there, intending to give him a call down, but he wasn't there. He didn't go in the counting room, as a matter of course, so it gets my goat where he's got to."

"He must have left by the door of this room, and you didn't notice him."

"He couldn't have done so, for I was standing close to the door."

"While you were talking to Jimmy?"

"Yes."

"Well, I can't throw any light on the subject.

When you went in the private room, did you look in the closet?"

"No. Why should I have done that? He would not hide in there, unless he meant to steal something. Now, as he asked for you, I wouldn't suspect him to be a thief."

"Well, we'll go in there, and I'll take a look in the closet. If you are sure the man didn't leave the office, he must be somewhere around in hiding," said Dick.

Dick led the way into the boss's room. There was no sign of any man there. The desk was shut and locked, just as the broker left it the day before when he departed for Southampton.

"Stand over near the door," said Dick, "while I look in the closet."

He approached the closet and threw the door wide open. If he had expected to find the man there he was disappointed. There was nothing in the closet but what belonged there.

"He isn't there, that's sure," said Dick, closing the door.

"Then he isn't in here," replied Will.

At that moment both boys saw the lounge move a trifle. Now a lounge doesn't usually move of its own accord, and the fact that this particular lounge did move, without any apparent assistance, was of itself a suspicious circumstance, inasmuch as the incident did not happen in a haunted room.

"Lord, he's under the lounge, I'll bet," said Will.

"Then we'll have him out in short order," said Dick.

The concealed rascal realized at once that his presence had been discovered. A hand, grasping a revolver, followed by a head, appeared. Dick seized a dictionary from the stand of drawers and flung it at the intruder's head. Biff! It landed with telling effect, and the revolver fell from the man's hand.

CHAPTER IX.—Dick's Good Fortune.

Dick pounced on the revolver and picked it up.

"Now, then, mister, kindly remove yourself from under that lounge, and do it in a hurry, too, for this is Saturday, and the office closes in a few minutes."

The request was rather superfluous, for the man, somewhat dazed by the blow he had received from the dictionary, was doing his best to extricate his body from the narrow quarters he had squeezed himself into.

"Raise the end of the lounge, Will; he seems to be stuck," said Dick.

Will raised the lounge, and the stranger with the beard scrambled on his feet and hurriedly started for the door.

"Hold on there; not so fast!" said Dick.

The man paid no attention to his words.

"Stop! Do you hear? If you don't, I'll put a bullet into your leg, and I'll gamble on it that'll stop you in a hurry."

The man glanced over his shoulder and saw the pointed weapon, and stopped.

"Back up against that wall, my friend," said Dick.

"What for?" growled the man

"Because I'd like to see how you agree with the color of the paint."

"I'm willing to go," said the visitor.

"Never mind about your willingness; back up against the wall. Don't make me nervous by refusing. My finger is on the trigger, and I might accidentally pull it."

The man obeyed orders, though very unwillingly.

"That's right. Open the door, Will, and stand in it. Is this the individual who asked for me when he came in?"

"Yes. He's the man."

"Now, mister, my name is Richard Dexter. What did you come to see me about?"

"I think I made a mistake," said the man.

"I'm sure you did. I don't know you, though I think I've seen you before, and your voice sounds familiar. Are those whiskers real, or only assumed for this occasion?"

"What difference does that make to you?"

"Will, just see if those are real whiskers, will you? Don't make a move, my man, or I'll put a ball into you somewhere."

Will reached for the man's beard and it came off in his hand, revealing the smoothly shaven countenance of Chance.

"Well, if it isn't my old college chum, the innkeeper," said Dick. "Upon my word, Mr. Chance, this is an unexpected pleasure."

The innkeeper looked pretty sour.

"Is it customary with you to hide under lounges while waiting for people you call on?" continued Dick.

The visitor scowled.

"Well, Mr. Chance, will you explain what business brought you here?"

"I came to see you."

"Well, you see me. What did you want with me?"

"I don't care to say now."

"Why did you hide yourself under that lounge?"

"I wanted to give you a surprise."

At that juncture the cashier came to the door. He was astonished at the scene that met his eyes.

"What's all this, Dexter?" he asked.

"Will and I found this man under the lounge in this room. I am trying to get an explanation from him, but he doesn't seem inclined to give any, so I guess the best thing you can do is to call in the police."

"I didn't come here to steal anything," said Chance.

"You wouldn't have found anything to carry off that would have paid you. I should think you would stick to the business you seem able to work pretty well—the art of separating lodgers from their money. Call the police, Mr. Black. This man is wanted for a robbery on Long Island on the night of the Fourth of July. He robbed Broker Gates and a friend of over \$200. Telephone Mr. Gates, Will, and see if he is in his office. If he is, ask him to step over here."

The cashier looked undecided. He could not quite understand the situation.

"You'd better let me go," said Chance. "It won't do you any good to make trouble for me."

"I couldn't think of letting you go. You put your foot in it by coming here, and you'll have to abide by the consequences."

Will called up Broker Gates, got him, and asked

him to come over right away. While they were waiting for the broker, Dick told Will to call up the nearest police station and ask that an officer be sent to Broker Arnold's office. Will did this. By this time work was through for the day and the clerks were getting ready to go. The cashier had the pay envelopes of the boys in his hand, and he was rather flustered by the state of affairs. At that time Broker Gates walked in, and Will called him into the room.

"Ever see this man before, Mr. Gates?" asked Dick.

"He's the missing landlord of the Long Island inn, where Mr. Peck and myself slept the eve of the Fourth, and where we were robbed of our money," he said.

"That's right," said Dick. "I've sent for the police to take him in charge. You are ready to make the charge against him?"

"I am. How did you catch him?"

Dick explained. Then the policeman arrived, and Chance was turned over to him. The innkeeper was taken to the station, and Mr. Gates, with Dick, went along to tell their stories.

Chance was locked up, and the Brookville head constable was notified by telegraph of his capture. He was taken to the village next day, and on Monday morning the Curb broker and Dick went to the village to appear against him. The justice committed him to the county jail for trial. When Dick got back he found that A. & G. had advanced to 82. On Wednesday it opened at 85, and went up to 90. At that price Dick sold and made a profit of \$7,500. That raised his capital to something over \$13,000. Dick guessed he was doing pretty well in the market. As a matter of fact, he was—unusually well. The interest attending the boom of A. & G. had hardly waned before another sprang up. Dick had no inside information on this one, but when he saw L. & R. rising rapidly, he concluded to take a chance in it. He left an order with the little bank for 600 shares at 68. He might easily have bought 1,000 shares, but didn't care to take such a risk.

On the day after he got in on his new deal, Mr. Arnold sent him with a letter to an office in the Mills Building, where he had never been before. The boy at the place took his letter into the private room, and he sat down close to the window near the ticker to wait. Across the court was a pretty girl at work on a typewriter. Her window was open, too, to catch the breeze, for it was a warm morning. Dick caught her eye, and made the discovery that it was Miss Ford. The recognition was mutual, and the young lady smiled and nodded at him. This was the first intimation Dick had that Mr. Brown's sister-in-law was a stenographer. He called the office boy, and asked him whose office that was across the way.

"That's the law office of John O'Connor," said the boy. "Are you mashing the girl?" he added, with a grin.

"No. She's a friend of mine," returned Dick.

At that point the office boy was called away, and then it was that Dick heard a voice from the private room coming through the open window.

"You must start right in and push L. & R. up. We've got nearly all the shares that are floating about, so you'll meet with little opposition, un-

less we run up against a clique of bears. As we have a raft of money we can draw on if necessary, we can stand any ordinary attack and catch the chaps at their own game."

Dick didn't catch the reply, but it was undoubtedly an affirmative one.

"I expect the price will go to 85 at least, and perhaps higher," said the first voice. "We'll all make a good thing out of this deal."

That was all Dick heard, but it was enough to assure him he had made no mistake in buying the stock.

The office boy brought him his reply, and bowing to Miss Ford, he took his departure. That afternoon he bought 400 more shares of L. & R. at 69. The price began going up right away, and attracted attention at the Exchange. Brokers began dealing in it, but those who sold didn't have the stock to deliver, but took the usual gambler's chance that the price would take a turn the other way. In a few days it was up to 75, and the general public became interested in it, and bought extensively on margin.

The bucketshops were flooded with orders from small speculators, and they took them in, expecting that a slump would soon come on.

There was no slump, however, and the price continued steadily upward. Wall Street now understood that a syndicate was behind the stock, and combinations were formed to beat it. The excitement ran high day after day, and the shorts lost many thousands of dollars when they found themselves unable to make deliveries.

Dozens of traders found themselves caught in the net of the syndicate, which was in a position to make its own terms. Finally the price reached 89, and Dick sold out. For the first time in many weeks the Lambs raked in a harvest of money, while the knowing ones were badly pinched. When Dick got his statement from the little bank, it was accompanied by a check for about \$30,500, representing a profit to him of over \$20,000. It was the biggest win he had made yet, and he was so exhilarated over it that he decided to give up the messenger business, although he was on the point of being promoted to Mr. Arnold's counting room.

CHAPTER X.—Minerva in Demand.

"What's that! You're going to leave?" ejaculated Broker Arnold, when Dick announced his intention on the following Saturday noon.

"Yes, sir. I think I've been a messenger long enough," replied the boy.

"Why, you are slated to the first vacancy in my counting room," said the broker. "That will happen on the first of the year, at any rate, as Mr. Black will drop out then and everybody will be promoted along the line."

"Well, you can give Will the dock that would come to me."

"Then you have really made up your mind to go?"

"I think I can do better on the outside."

"In what way?"

"When a fellow has accumulated something over \$20,000 he feels a temptation to become his own boss."

"Have you come into that much money?"

"I have \$34,000 stowed away in a safe deposit box."

"Is this a legacy you have received?"

"No, sir; I made it myself within the last six months."

"You did! How, may I ask?"

"By breaking a Wall Street regulation—I speculated on the market."

"I don't see how you did it, for I haven't noticed that you neglected my business at any time."

"I didn't. I simply bought a stock from time to time, and left the result to chance—speculating in stocks is a game of chance, anyway."

"But \$34,000 is a lot of money for a boy to make in the way you state."

"I won't deny that; but I captured \$20,000 of it this week in the L. & R. boom."

"You must have held at least 1,000 shares to do that, and you must have bought it low down."

"You've hit it exactly. A short time before that I made \$7,500 on A. & G. Those two successes raised my capital from \$6,000 to what it is now."

"And it is those two phenomenal successes which are enticing you away from a good position to the uncertain prospects of adding to your pile?"

"What ever a chap is successful at, he ought to stick to."

"If it is something legitimate, yes, but it does not apply to stock speculation. All kinds of speculation is more or less of a gamble, and the stock market may be considered the most hazardous of all. If you will take my advice you will invest your funds in gilt-edged securities and remain on your job."

"Your advice is good, but I'm afraid I can't follow it."

"I see you are thoroughly inoculated with the speculative fever, so I will say no more and accept your resignation; but if luck turns against you between this and the first of the year, call and see me, and I'll make a place for you."

"Thank you, sir. I appreciate your kindness very much. It is a satisfaction to me to know that I have always done my duty in this office."

With one more week to act as messenger, Dick returned to his post. It was nearly half-past twelve, and the office would soon close. In a few moments he and Will got their pay, put on their hats and started for the elevator.

"One more envelope and I'm through," said Dick.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Will, to whom his friend had as yet said nothing about severing his connection with the office.

"I have just served notice on the boss of my intention to quit."

"You have!" cried Will, in astonishment.

Dick nodded.

"What for?"

"For the pleasure of being my own boss."

"What business are you going into?"

"I'm going to continue working the market, but on my own hook, untrammelled by the necessity of devoting the greater part of my time to some one else's business. I'm worth enough money to take the risk."

"As long as you're going to remain in Wall Street, I'm satisfied," said Will.

On Thursday of the following week, Dick received a note from Mr. Brown, stating that his presence would be required at Seymour to attend the trial of the three crooks on the following Monday. Dick told Jimmy that afternoon that he would have to make the trip with him.

"All right, boss," replied the newsboy. "Do we go in de auto?"

"I think it's likely we will."

He sent word to Mr. Brown that he and Jimmy would be on hand and would put up at the same hotel they patronized before. Dick asked Mr. Arnold if he could have the auto for the trip, and was accommodated. On Saturday Dick said good-bye to all hands in the office but Will. Next morning he and Jimmy started for Seymour. Jimmy's testimony at the trial did not amount to a whole lot, though he was able to identify the prisoners as the three men who had carried Dick off in the boat. Dick's testimony was the most important of all, which in connection with the stolen money and jewelry brought about the conviction of the rascals. After the trial the money was returned by the police, and so Jimmy got his sixty cents back. For the rest of the week Dick hung around the little bank watching the black-board.

The market was slow, and there was nothing to tempt him. All at once it occurred to Dick that he would like to find out how the Minerva mine was getting on. He had seen a notice to the effect that matters were looking up on the property, and that encouraged him to believe that something might come of it yet. So he wrote a letter to the secretary and asked for information. On Monday afternoon he met Will in front of the Exchange.

"There was a man in the office this morning asking for you," said Will.

"Did he leave his name?"

"Yes—Judd Haskins."

"Don't know him."

"He looked like a Westerner to me. I told him you had left the office. Then he asked me where you lived. Said he wanted to see you on important business. Why, there's the man now, coming out of that broker's office across the street."

"Did you give him my house address?"

"No. I told him to call again, as I might see you this evening."

"I'll go over and see what he wants with me," said Dick.

He crossed the street.

"Beg your pardon, sir, but is your name Judd Haskins?" he said to the stranger.

"That's my name, pard. What can I do for you?"

"I understand that you called at John Arnold's office this morning and asked for me."

"Are you Richard Dexter?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have 2,000 shares of Minerva mining stock?"

"I have."

"Want to dispose of it?"

"What are you offering for it?"

"I'll give you \$50 for the certificates."

"I wouldn't sell them for \$50."

"They haven't any market value. If you tried to find a purchaser, I don't know what you'd find one."

"I'm not looking for a purchaser."

"Intend to keep 'em, then?"

"Yes."

"Think the mine will be worth somethin' one of these days?"

"I have just written to the secretary to find out something about it."

"Oh, you did! Maybe I can tell you what you want to know."

"I'll be glad to hear what is doing in it."

"Waal, pard, thar hain't a whole lot doin' in it just now, but as long as you won't sell me the stock, I advise you to hold on to it."

"Did you come to New York to look for some of the shares?"

"I'll allow I did."

"Then you must have inside information that the mine amounts to something."

"Waal, it's my opinion the stock is worth payin' two or three cents a share for on general principles."

The stranger drew out his handkerchief to wipe his face, and a paper dropped, unnoticed by either him or Dick, on the sidewalk.

"Have you bought some already?"

"Waal, I've bought a few shares. New York is a big town, isn't it?" said Haskins, changing the subject.

"Yes. Been here long?"

"No. Only got here yesterday mornin'. Well, I must be gettin' around. I've got a few places to call before I quit for the day. Good-by and don't forget to hold on to that stock."

The Westerner walked down Exchange Place, and was soon out of sight.

"There's something doing in that mine," thought Dick. "He didn't want to let on, but I could tell by the way he spoke. If I could find some more of that stock going begging, as it probably is, I'd buy it."

At that moment he saw the paper, and picked it up. It proved to be a list of names and addresses of Eastern holders of record of Minerva mining stock. A few were brokers in Wall Street, but the majority were private individuals in the city, out on Long Island, in New Jersey, and a few in Connecticut. The number of shares owned by them were placed opposite their names. Many owned but 1,000 shares, while others had originally purchased as many as 5,000 or 10,000 shares. One man, whose address was Birdsville, N. J., was down for 25,000 shares.

"Haskins dropped that list by accident. He brought it with him from the West, after copying the names from the company's books. He'll be in a stew over its loss. If he came East to buy all that stock it's clear something is going to happen. I'll bet ore has been discovered that amounts to something. As all is fair in love and speculation, I'll make use of this list myself. I ought to be able to buy a lot of the stock for next to nothing. I'll tackle Broker Jordan first."

Thus speaking, Dick walked down a few doors and entered an office building.

CHAPTER XI.—Dick Goes to Goldfield.

"Is Mr. Jordan in?" he asked the cashier when he walked into the broker's office.

"No."

"Perhaps you can tell me where I can find some shares of Minerva mining."

"You can find some right here. Who sent you for it?"

"Nobody, but I saw a notice in the paper some time ago that Minerva might be expected to do something one of these days, and as the shares have no market value I thought I'd get hold of some."

"Do you expect to get them for nothing, young man?"

"No; but I didn't expect to pay much."

"Well, we have a block of 5,000 shares which we couldn't break. If you've got \$50 about you, you can have the certificates."

"Won't you take \$25?"

"No."

"They're not worth a cent a share."

"You don't have to take them."

"Know where I can get a smaller quantity?"

"No."

"Let me have them, then."

Dick laid down five \$10 bills.

"Look here, young man, if I sell you the stock, it won't do you any good to come back and ask for the return of your money."

"All right."

So Dick got the certificates. He got 2,000 shares of another broker for \$10. Next morning he took a train for Birdville and called on the owner of the 25,000 shares. That party wanted \$500 for the stock. Dick offered him just half of that, and after a long argument, during which the boy stuck to his figure, he got the shares. During the next three days he bought 16,000 of different persons for the total sum of \$90. He now had 50,000 shares which had cost him just \$100. Many people he called on, as per their address on the slip, only to find they had moved and left no trace behind them.

During the following week he picked up 10,000 more in Wall Street, which cost him \$100. Then he quit. About this time he went into D. & L., buying 1,000 shares on margin. He bought it at 104 and sold at 106, making \$2,000. He was now called upon to attend the trial of Chance in Long Island. The jury disagreed and the innkeeper was sent back to prison. His bail was placed at \$1,000, but nobody came forward to get him out.

The chances were he wouldn't be tried again, and would get free on a nominal bail, which he could probably produce himself in cash. Dick got a letter from the secretary of the Minerva Mining Co., telling him that things looked bright at the mine, but saying nothing about any new discovery of ore.

"I guess he isn't giving out any real news," thought Dick. "I must learn the truth, if I can, so I'm going out to Goldfield and investigate for myself."

The railroad had just been put in operation to that mining town, so there would be no trouble getting there. Accordingly, he packed his grip and started, taking with him all the stock he had bought to have it transferred to his name on the company's books. In due time he reached Goldfield, and was surprised to find that it was an up-to-date town, which the residents called a city.

He put up at one of the hotels, and found it lighted by electricity and provided with all other

modern improvements. Then he started out to learn what he wanted to know. Nobody, however, could tell him much about the mine, which was located in the surrounding hills. The first broker he consulted told him it had not been re-listed on the exchange, no application having been made by the company. Dick hired a rig and a man to take him out to the mine. The first person he met there was Judd Haskins. The Westerner was greatly surprised to see him.

"What brought you out here?" he asked.

"To see how the mine was coming on," replied Dick.

"The mine is coming on first rate."

"Discovered any fresh ore?"

"Some."

"Glad to hear it. You see the short talk I had with you in Wall Street when you were there induced me to buy some more of the stock."

"Look here, young man, I guess you're the party who bought them 25,000 shares from Rufus Smith, of Birdville, New Jersey."

"I did."

"How did you learn that he had that stock?"

"As I've been employed for over three years by a big New York Wall Street broker, I know where to look for stock that I want."

"How many shares did you get altogether?"

"I bought 60,000."

"And you will sell them for how much?"

"I'll sell my 60,000 shares at this moment for \$60,000."

"You don't want much for it, do you?"

"I expect to make a profit on my investment."

"I reckon so," said Haskins drily. "What have you heard about the mine?"

"Nothing."

"Want to go down in the mine, pard?"

"I should like to, first rate."

"Come on, then."

Haskins showed Dick all through the mine. Only a small force was working, and the output was not considerable.

"You see, we're not doing a whole lot," he said.

"I guess you intend to do more soon, don't you?"

"That'll depend on whether we strike more ore or not."

"Look here, Mrs. Haskins; why did you visit Wall Street looking for the stock of the mine? Isn't it because you had reason to believe the mine was going to pan out?"

"Waal, I hain't sayin' what my reasons were."

"You're holding back the truth from me. As I have 60,000 shares of this company's stock, which I intend to hold on to whether developments turn up or not, you might just as well let me in on any information you possess. I came out here on purpose to find out the facts. If you don't want those facts to get out yet, I can hold my tongue on the subject. When I return I expect to open an office in Wall Street. If the mine is going to amount to anything, the company could appoint me its Eastern agent. After the stock was re-listed on the Western exchange, it could be listed on the New York Curb. Then it would come to the front with other mining stocks. But, of course, the mine would have to make good first."

"I'll call on you this evening. When you get

back to town, call at the office and have your stock transferred."

Thus Haskins dismissed Dick, and the boy returned to Goldfield. When Dick called at the company's office and introduced himself, the young man in charge said that the secretary, having a business of his own up the street, only called once a day, for there was not much business at the office for him to attend to.

"Do you intend to transfer the stock?" asked Dick.

"Yes, but as the stock is not dealt in at present, I have nothing to do in that line."

"Then I'll give you a job. I am down in your books for 2,000 shares. Since I acquired those shares I have bought 58,000 more, the old certificates of which I have brought from New York. I want that stock transferred to me."

"Are you personally acquainted with any one connected with the mine?"

"Yes, with Mr. Haskins."

"Then he must have tipped you off. It will take me some little time to make out the new certificates. You can call for them to-morrow afternoon."

Dick got his receipt and went away.

CHAPTER XII.—Conclusion.

That evening Judd Haskins and the secretary of the company called on Dick. They had a long talk with him. They admitted that he had made a shrewd move in buying the stock. They told him in strict confidence that a valuable lode of ore had been uncovered some time since in the mine, but that the news had not yet been given out. When it was, the mine would be put on the market again. It was arranged that Dick should be the company's Wall Street agent, and have full charge of its business in the East. Next day Dick received his certificates, and after remaining a few days longer in Goldfield, he returned to New York.

He looked up an office right away, and found a suitable room in one of the older buildings in Wall Street. He leased it up to the first of the ensuing May, and set about furnishing it up. Meeting Jimmy on the street, he said to him:

"Jimmy, how would you like to give up selling papers and take a steady job in an office?"

"Dat would suit me and me mudder from the ground floor up. Do you know where I kin catch on to such a t'ing?"

"I do. I have hired an office, and I want a boy as soon as I open up for business. I'll give you \$5 to start with."

Inside of a week, the announcement was made in the mining papers of the discovery of a rich vein of ore in the Minerva mine. The intelligence being confirmed, Curb speculators began looking around for some of the stock. A few thousand shares turned up which were sold at about ten cents, and some of it resold at fifteen. On the day after the news came out, Dick got a package by express from Goldfield. It contained a stock transfer book and a big batch of stock certificates, all signed by the proper officers, ready to put out. A letter of instructions accompanied the package. He was authorized to sell stock up to 50,000 shares direct from his office for twenty-

five cents, and to follow the Goldfield market quotations if above that figure. Dick now called in a painter and had him put his name on his office door, without any business, but below, in smaller letters, he had painted, "Minerva Gold and Silver Mining Co., of Goldfield, Nev." Then he inserted an advertisement in two of the Wall Street papers which read as follows:

"Minerva Gold and Silver Mining Co., of Goldfield, Nev. A limited amount of new treasury stock for sale. Apply at the office, No. — Wall street. Room 614. Richard Dexter, Eastern Representative."

Several thousand circulars setting forth the latest facts concerning the mine, with simile reproductions of the assayer's report of ore samples submitted to him for examination, and other reading matter, had come to Dick in the express package, and he sent some of these around to the Curb brokers. A box containing a lot of rich ore samples also arrived for him to put on exhibition in his office. A large map of the mine, another of the Goldfield mining district, and a third of Goldfield itself, he hung up on the walls, together with small photos of prominent Goldfield buildings.

The mine was shortly listed again on the Goldfield Exchange, and Dick received daily market reports direct from the company's office. Jimmy was duly installed as office boy, and he was quite tickled over his job. Broker Arnold saw his card in the paper and came up to visit him.

"So you've got an office, eh?" he said, after shaking hands with his late messenger. "How came you to get yourself appointed agent of the Minerva mine?"

"It all came about through those 2,000 shares of the stock I found in the street some months ago," replied Dick, who told the broker how his interview with Judd Haskins led to his buying 58,000 shares more. He told about his visit to Goldfield and what came of it.

Mr. Arnold got up, shook hands with him, and went away. Dick put an advertisement in one of the city dailies that was extensively read by people interested in Wall Street, and soon he began to have visitors inquiring about Minerva stock. He only sold a few thousand shares at a quarter, for the price soon went to thirty-five cents in Goldfield, and applicants had to pay for it or go away without it. After he had put out some 30,000 shares, he made application to the Curb market to have the stock listed. In due course it was accepted and put on the list of stocks dealt in on the Curb, and all shares that exchanged hands were sent to Dick's office to be transferred.

The company sold considerable of its new stock in Goldfield and other cities, and devoted the bulk of the money to the development of the mine. Dick was elected a director of the company at the second regular meeting, and he was complimented for the satisfactory way in which he conducted the company's Eastern business. In the course of six months Dick secured the agency of two other Western mining companies, and their business added to his income.

Next week's issue will contain "THE BOY GOLD KING; or, THE GREATEST MINE IN THE WORLD."

CURRENT NEWS

HUNTERS GET ALLIGATOR.

A party of four Anniston hunters, who had returned from a big hunt in Florida with several deer and a large number of wild ducks and other small game, had an exciting experience with a wildcat and an alligator. Members of the party chased the wildcat into an alligator hole and then dug in to get it. Instead they brought out, after some difficulty, a big alligator, which had eaten the cat after a short battle in the hole.

CAT LIVES 25 DAYS IN HOLE.

How long can a cat live in a dark hole without food? The answer is twenty-five days, according to accounts in the Paris press of a cat's adventure.

Twenty-five days ago a mason mending a rain-pipe system on the Church of St. Ambrose closed up a pipe which was not to be discarded. The other day it was opened again, and, from it emerged a blinking, emaciated cat, staggering on feeble legs. The animal had scarcely strength to lap warm milk hastily procured by the workmen from a neighboring cafe, but by the time it had finished it was sufficiently recovered to attend to its toilet and to wash its whiskers.

"DEAD" FOR 14 HOURS HE COMES TO LIFE.

A case of a man's heart ceasing to beat for fourteen hours and then resuming work is reported from Berne, Switzerland, where the Rev. Baudenbacher, after being officially declared dead, suddenly awoke.

The minister, suffering from heart trouble, fell senseless Friday. His physicians issued a death certificate, arrangements were made for the funeral and newspapers published eulogies of him. He awoke after fourteen hours, surprised to find his bedroom filled with flowers, wreaths, disconsolable relations and friends, and said weakly, "My call has not yet come."

The doctor said the Rev. Baudenbacher might live many years.

NEW 16-INCH GUN COMPLETED.

The new 16-inch 50-caliber gun and barbette carriage, especially designed for seacoast defense purposes, has been completed by the Ordnance Department at the Government arsenal at Watertown, Mass., and will be shipped to the Aberdeen Proving Ground for proof firing. It is estimated that the gun will have a maximum range of 55,000 yards with a 2,340-pound projectile, which will make it the longest range weapon ever constructed in this country. The calculations show that it will be capable of penetrating fourteen inches or more of the best armor at all ranges. The carriage is of the barbette type, permitting 360 degrees traverse and elevations between, minus seven degrees and plus sixty-five degrees. It has full electrical equipment for firing, lighting, traversing, elevating and ramming. It can also be maneuvered by hand power. As a high rate of fire is desirable, a power rammer is provided for loading the 2,340-pound projectile

and the 850-pound powder charge. The telescopic sights, azimuth scale and elevation quadrant with which this carriage is equipped will permit piece to be fired by direct or indirect fire methods.

THROWING A TALL CHIMNEY.

A steeplejack in London said:

The other day I was called on to "throw" a factory chimney standing 200 feet high and weighing not quite 1,000 tons. It had developed a list due to faulty foundations and was a menace to adjoining property.

My job was to throw the shaft in the only space available—a gap about fifteen feet wide between two factory buildings.

How was it done?

This was the question which agitated the minds of the 2,000 people who turned up to see the operation carried out, for when, after the dust cloud had dispersed, they saw the fallen giant lying in fragments in the fifteen-foot gap, without so much as a window broken in the vicinity, they were obviously greatly astonished.

Yet from the first I had no doubt about the success of the job, for it was but one of many similar tasks which I have undertaken in my thirty years of steeplejacking. Incidentally, very few people know that chimney felling is an important branch of the steeplejack's calling.

The old-fashioned way of throwing a chimney was to undermine it and then shore up the structure with timber. This was then soaked with oil and tar and set alight. When the props were burned through—the process sometimes took a week—down came the chimney.

The modern method, which I may claim to have originated, is to chisel away the brick work at the base of the shaft, much in the same way as a woodsman goes about felling a tree.

As soon as a fair-sized gash is made I insert a hazel twig, which is as reliable an indicator of danger to the chimney thrower as the aged canary is to the miner.

The slightest bending of the twig—and it is a case of "Lookout!"—There comes a loud cracking of masonry, a sudden high-pitched roaring sound as the chimney falls through the air, and then—a crash that shakes the earth.

As for throwing the shaft in a strictly limited space, this is naturally a question of skill and experience, both of which are concentrated largely on cutting the chimney at the right place, the direction of the throw being determined in this way.

The displacement of only one brick too many many easily result in a faulty throw, with its consequent danger to near-by property and sometimes to the throwers themselves.

The spectacle of a falling chimney is a fascinating one to most people. At Aldershot, where I threw two chimneys in one day, a crowd of 20,000 spectators gathered to watch the proceedings, the town apparently making high holiday of the occasion.

A Lawyer At Nineteen

—OR—

FIGHTING AGAINST A FRAUD

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XIII.

The Boy Gives a Clue to the Hackman Who Came to Grove Street.

As soon as they went out of the door the roundsman pointed to a nail at the side of the entrance, from which a piece of string was dangling.

"That looks as though a 'To Let' sign had hung there," he said. "Flash the light down around the side of the stoop."

In a moment the light of the lantern showed the sign in question lying on the ground.

"That settles it," said the roundsman. "We'll hunt up the agent as a matter of course, but you can be sure that those fellows took possession without asking any questions."

"It looks like it," said Lew, "and that sort of work is part of their regular game. I think I had better go to the home of Miss Morehouse and let her mother know what has happened and that the police are trying to find her."

He said good-night to the policemen and started off for Madge's home, and when he turned the next corner he heard his name shouted out.

Lew turned and saw Eddie Blakesley running towards him.

"What are you doing around here?" asked the office boy.

"They trapped me again, Eddie," said Lew rather sheepishly, for he felt very much annoyed at having been duped two nights running, and then he told his young friend all that had taken place that night.

Eddie was a very shrewd boy, and he put his wits to work when Lew had finished his story.

"I think I understand all their moves," he said, "and they are playing a very clever game."

"In my opinion they may not trouble themselves to get you in their hands again, now that they have the girl in their power, for they reason that you are very much stuck on her, getting their ideas from watching you and the girl together, and they reason that if they can keep her in hiding that you will be terribly upset by it."

"You know yourself that you would be hunting for her night and day, and would hardly get a wink of sleep on her account. They know this also, and they figure it out that you will be quite a wreck in a couple of days unless the girl is found."

"You will be watched, of course, and when they

see you breaking down under the strain they will notice the distress signals and probably come to you with another proposition.

"Even if you continue to stand out against them you will be in mighty poor trim to try a case after worrying night and day, and that is what they are banking on."

"We've got to find that girl. Now, you're perfectly satisfied that she was taken away in that hack that came to the door when you were standing in the front parlor of the house. Did you hear the hackman's name mentioned?"

"No, but they had some conversation about him and Amos, who was addressed as Drake, and who is, without doubt, the 'brains' of the gang, wanted to know if he was all right, and was informed that he had served terms in jail and that his favorite game was to get hold of drunken men, take them to some lonely spot, rob them and throw them out."

"Good!" cried Eddie.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I know that man. You must remember that my father, who died a few months ago, was a hackman, and from him I learned all about the rest of the drivers. The man you speak of is Andy Mack, and he and his twin brother are both at the stand at the city hall. Andy is a crook all the way through, and has been in jail half a dozen times, but his brother is as straight a man as ever walked, and in order to keep as far away from the other one as possible he remains on the north side of the square, while his crooked brother stands on the south side. Let us look up Jimmy Mack, the honest brother, and get him to help us in this matter."

"Good enough," assented Lew, "and as Mrs. Morehouse's residence is on the way to the square we will stop there and let her know what has happened to her daughter."

Away they went, and proceeded to Madge's home and told her mother the unfortunate news, bidding her to be hopeful, as there was every probability of the speedy recovery of the missing girl.

Then they went to the north side of the square that surrounded the city hall, and Eddie at once saw the man he was looking for.

"Hello, Jimmy," he said to the hackman.

"Hello, Eddie," was the answer. "What's the news?"

"Well, that brother of yours has been doing some crooked work, and we want you to talk to him for us and help us to straighten the matter. When he hears from you that his latest job is known and that it is likely to land him in jail, he will probably open his mouth."

"What was it?"

"He helped to abduct a young girl."

"When?"

"To-night."

"That's impossible," said Jimmy Mack, "for the very good reason that Andy is sick in bed."

"And hasn't he been here to-night?"

"No, nor for three nights."

"Well, I was mighty sure that he helped to abduct a young girl from Grove street an hour ago."

(To be continued)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

TURTLES ON THE AMAZON.

Seventy years ago Bates predicted the rapid extinction of the turtles of the Amazon, but William Ray Allen, who returned recently from an expedition to the upper reaches of that river, reports to *Science* that in spite of an enormous consumption of turtles and eggs that has continued from that day to this, they are still very abundant. Petroleum has replaced turtle oil since that time, but turtle eggs, meat and viscera continue to be favorite articles of food.

STORE FALLS APART.

A novel advertising stunt came to grief recently when the one-story stucco building occupied by J. B. Sparks's shoe store collapsed in Washington avenue, Royal Oak, Mich., while being moved.

Sparks's idea, which would have gone big if it had been put across, was to close the doors at night at the old location and open the store for business the next morning at the new address.

However, the building, now believed faultily constructed, fell apart as it cleared the D. U. R. car tracks on its circuitous route into Washington avenue.

SKIRT HER BANK.

S. H. Hall, a stock salesman for a Western Pennsylvania cereal company, had a unique experience. He visited Milesburg, Pa., on a stock selling expedition and succeeded in interesting a widow to the extent that she concluded to purchase shares to the amount of \$1,100.

After the necessary papers had been signed she excused herself a minute, stepped inside another room, ripped open the hem of the skirt she was wearing and took therefrom bills which she promptly presented to Hall in payment for her stock. Most of them were old and had the appearance of having reposed in the "bank" for some time.

BASEBALL FANS CAN FISH FROM THIS GRANDSTAND.

A baseball park, the grandstand of which is built on piles extending into the James river, has been completed for the Richmond Club of the Virginia League.

Mayo's Island, the site, was once before used for such purpose, but it was in the days when Nash, a Richmond man, who became a member of the Boston Nationals, and other noted local diamond stars of bygone days played here, the time of Tannehill, Chesbro and Jake Wells.

Because of the shape of the island it became necessary to build the greater part of the structure over the water in the river. There are two sets of bleachers, and the stand is equipped to seat about 10,000. From the grandstand fans may toss fishing lines into the river and try their luck at angling while waiting for the game to start.

SEA LION FOUND DYING.

A sea lion, which had been terrorizing boatmen and others along the Kill van Kull for two months, is dead. He is on exhibition at the Charleston Boat Club house at Kreiserville, Staten Island. He is nearly seven feet long and weighs about 250 pounds.

Boatmen had reported seeing the big mammal in the Kill van Kull, and several attempts were made to shoot him. Rowboats and motorboats were used to trail him, but he invariably "ducked" out of danger. For a week no report of the sea lion had been heard and the residents of that section of New Jersey and Staten Island were breathing easier.

The other day Margaret George, twelve years old, of Androvette street, Kreiserville, was picking up drift wood when she noticed a good-sized "log." She got a stick and poked at it. The "log" moved. She ran to the boathouse and told the boys. Two of them accompanied her to the spot. They, too, poked the object with sticks and kept poking it until it ceased to move. They then carried it to the clubhouse.

There was a deep cut on the sea lion's head, as though it had been struck by a motorboat propeller.

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CAUGHT AT LAST

By JOHN SHERMAN.

While looking for the materials from which to build a story of real life, I lately received a letter from two nephews of mine traveling in Texas, one for his health, the other to keep the first company, and as the incidents related in the letter seemed to form a very good story in themselves, I have determined to give them just as received, in the boy's own words. So, without further prelude, I will let Dick Hunter tell his own experiences in his own way.

* * * * *

We came down here, Bob and I, he to regain his lost heart, and I to remind him of the old home and look after him, if necessary, as you may know.

Texas is a big State, but there is room enough for everybody, as it is sparsely settled, and often you will ride for miles without seeing a single human habitation.

In an unsettled country like this there seems to be room enough for a lot of lawless fellows to roam at will, and do about as they please, and Bob and I had an experience with one of these gentry which I think you might like to tell to the boys.

We came to this little town near the Mexican border because there was so much open country that poor Bob might have a chance to breathe, after being shut up in New York so long.

When we came down here we attracted considerable attention by our well-fitting clothes, derby-hats, and all that, but we don't any more, because we don't wear them.

Soon after our arrival here we met a Scotchman who had come across the ocean to go into the business of cattle raising, there being too little land at his disposal on the other side of the water.

He was a regular Sawney, with a burr on his tongue that fairly exasperated me till I got used to it, and then after what he did—but I must not go too fast. He's a good fellow, anyhow, and Bob and I think the world of him.

He had his son with him, Jack, he called him, but his name is John, and so I think he ought to be called Jack, and that's what Bob and I do call him, even if Mr. Duncan MacPherson does say that it isn't his boy's name.

Jack used to dress in a plaid suit—you could see the figure a mile away, and the cowboys said the squares made bully targets—but he doesn't do so now.

Mr. MacPherson wore them—and he still wears a limp, flat cap or "bonnet," as he calls it, and his square-cut, broad shoulders, red beard, and rapid walk would tell you that he was a Scotchman, even if he claimed to be a Sioux Indian.

I wish I could put his description on paper just as he gave it off, but I can't use trying to do that, for it would be impossible.

To get back a bit, we did not really meet Mr. MacPherson and Jack until after the first part

of our adventure, and I will tell you about that now.

One day Bob and I started off for a ride out on the plains to the next town on our ponies, the way being clear enough and no danger of getting lost.

We had been to ride before, but not to any great distance, and so this time we intended to make a day of it.

Bob was feeling first-rate, and when we got a mile or so beyond the town he gave his pony the rein, clapped spurs to him, and challenged me to race him to a sort of mound we saw at some distance.

No boy will let a challenge like that go by, you know, and so I put after Bob and was soon alongside, both of us going like the wind.

Then Bob forged ahead, and got a lead of a couple of lengths, which I did not mean he should increase if I could help it.

He was lighter in the saddle than I was, and I think his pony was the fleeter, but I had ridden more, and it was a matter of pride not to let him beat me.

I spoke to my pony, and off he scampered, but that rascal Bob kept his lead for a full two miles, and it was only when I had overhauled and passed him that I began to notice things.

What I had taken for a mound was a house, a long, low, one-story house with a little stockade around it, as I could make out, although it was still two or three miles off as far as I could judge.

There was something else that I noticed, and that was that the air was much colder, that the wind was beginning to blow quite sharp, and that the sky was getting blacker and blacker every minute.

We were about to have a norther, and it wouldn't do for two boys like us to be caught out on the plains, miles from home, in a blinding snow storm, which is generally what these northers end in.

I raced on, knowing that Bob would follow, but the sky grew darker, the air was colder, and the wind blew more sharp.

Presently I let him come alongside, and then I yelled, for I could not have made him hear in any other way:

"It's a norther, Bob. Do you think you can stand it to make that house?"

He shouted back that he could, and then made a gesture with his hand back of him.

What he meant was that it was easier to go on than to turn back with the wind in our faces, and I saw then that the storm was chasing us up, and that it would be impossible to try to return in the teeth of a storm like that.

Our ponies seemed to know as well as we did what was the matter, and they went as we had never seen them go before, while faster yet came the storm.

I kept close to Bob, and was forced to him to keep up his courage, for that I really thought he needed urging, but perhaps because I had come down there to look after him, and must keep it up.

On we dashed, and the house grew nearer and nearer, but it did seem that the storm was bound to beat us, for he was bound to head me at last.

fully. We had to bend over in our saddles. The darkness was getting almost thick enough to cut, and there were great flakes of snow in the air.

We did not know that we had reached the place till we suddenly found ourselves inside the stockade, and heard the gate clang behind us, and it was a mercy that we had not banged right into it.

Somebody yanked us out of our saddles, and the first thing we knew we were in a big room with a fire on the hearth, and a man standing looking at us.

The man was dressed in a half-military style, with a saber clanking at his heels, and wore a big sombrero, which shaded one of the most villainous faces I had ever seen.

"You hafe come to see me, eh?" he said presently, fixing his eye on me.

"We had to go somewhere," I said, bluntly, not liking the way he looked at me. "You would not turn us out in this storm, I suppose?"

I felt uneasy, and perhaps I showed it, for presently the man said:

"You do not come here to take me? I am Captain Manoel, ze bandit, ze free rover. Thees ees mya house,, you coam here wizout ask, but you ara welcoam. You shall send the officer aftera me! Ha! I carea not!" and the man snapped his fingers contemptuously.

"We have come to seek shelter from the storm. All we ask is to be permitted to take our ponies and go as soon as the sky is clear," I said.

The man laughed, and said that we were at liberty to go whenever we desired.

The storm was over in an hour, and the sun shone as bright as ever.

Then the Mexican told us gruffly that we had stayed long enough, and that we must go.

We were glad enough to do so until we learned in what manner we were to do so.

The scoundrel took away our ponies, robbed us of our watches and money, and threw us out of the house, telling us to walk and get home the best way we could.

"I'll get even with that low-lived brute, Dick, old man, and don't you forget it," said Bob, and he meant it, too.

We went back to the town, and did not get there till night, and you'd better believe we were pretty well used up.

We told our adventure, and a party of a dozen men rode out to the ranch the next day, finding the house empty and Manoel gone.

Bob got around all right again in a day or so, and then Mr. MacPherson and Jack came.

We boys liked Jack, he was so different from American boys, and as for MacPherson himself, we could listen to him for an hour at a time.

Bob told him about our adventure, and he bit his lip, scowled, and said:

"Ah should leek to meet a man of that sort and have a bit talk wi' him. Ah've twigged monny a mean thing in mah day, lad, but thot's the wusset Ah ever kenned."

There was a glitter in the Scotchman's cold, blue eyes that told me that neither the Mexican nor anyone else had better try to fool with him if they wished to avoid trouble.

He bought all sorts of things—big revolvers, saddles, suits of buckskin, lariats, and other

things in use in Texas, but it never seemed to me that he would use half of them.

Somehow I could never imagine him wearing any other head covering than that flat cap, or putting on anything but the green tweed he always wore, and I think that if he had donned a sombrero and put on a buckskin suit and big boots I should have lost all respect for him.

Bob and I both thought the world of him, and we liked Jack, too, and whenever Mr. MacPherson went out we went along.

One afternoon he was at one of the stores on the one straggling street of the town, buying a lariat.

He had it in his hand examining it, when Bob happened to look out, suddenly caught me by the hand, and, turning pale, muttered:

"There's that scouldrel Manoel now, right in town."

I looked out and saw the man going down the street with a swaggering air, his sword at his side, his sombrero perched jauntily on his head, as he looked now this way now that with an air of defiance.

"Wheer, laddie, wheer?" asked Mr. MacPherson, suddenly. "Show me the mon, and by the mists o' Scotland I'll try conclusions wi' him."

"There he goes, down the street!" cried Bob excitedly.

The Scotchman picked up the lariat and went out.

We walked along the plank pavement, Mr. MacPherson in advance, and presently Captain Manoel turned and come our way, but on the opposite side.

The Scotchman gathered the coils of the lariat in his hand, swung one arm about his head, and suddenly sent the loop flying across the street, over the Mexican's head and about his body and one arm.

The bandit was caught, and the Scotchman began to haul in on the slack.

Jack danced and clapped his hands, but Bob and I took it more seriously, as we were still afraid of the fellow, and did not know what he would do.

He swore and stormed and tried to draw his pistols, threatening the most direful vengeance on us all.

MacPherson never smiled, but keeping the cord taut, drew the bandit slowly and surely toward him.

"Is he the mon sure enough, lads?" he asked.

"Yes," said Bob and I both, "I can swear to it," and then the contemptible scouldrel recognized us and scowled terribly.

The villain was caught at last, and proved to be a most miserable coward when brought face to face with a brave, honest fellow like the Scotchman, who was not the least bit of a braggart.

Our two watches, Bob's and mine, were found upon him, and that was enough to convict him, even if there had not been men enough to swear to many of his robberies, and the end of it was that he is now in jail awaiting trial, and with a likelihood of spending the next five or ten years in prison, and I must say that I am glad he is safely out of the way, and that he had been caught at last.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, JUNE 17, 1921

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

PLYMOUTH ROCK HOUSED.

For the second time within four months Plymouth Rock was moved April 7. On December 21, after the canopy over the rock was torn down, the boulder was moved about fifty feet. Three guards have watched over it night and day since.

To do away with these guards the rock was moved again April 7 and placed in a brick building at the corner of North and Water streets. The windows have been barred and the door securely locked.

FOURTEEN TONS OF ELEPHANT ARE SHIPPED TO HAMBURG.

Four elephants were shipped to Hamburg recently on the liner New Rochelle. There were fourteen tons of them, all told. The youngest was twenty years old and the oldest thirty-five. All were females and were sent for breeding purposes. They came from the Ringling Bros. Circus establishment in Bridgeport. Many elephants have been brought here, but as far as could be learned at the Custom House these were the first ever exported. There is a shortage of elephants in Germany, most of them having been eaten during the war.

LOST BALLOON FOUND.

The naval balloon which has been missing, with five men, since it left the Pensacola naval station, March 22, was picked up in the Gulf at Panama City, Fla. No trace of the crew was found.

Capt. Roy Eckert of the boat which found the gas bag said the top of the bag was above water, held up by the little gas remaining, while the car was still attached and riding three and one-half fathoms below the surface. He brought the balloon into port with him.

The balloon was commanded by Pilot G. K. Wilkinson of Houston, Texas, when it took the air. With him in the basket were four student pilots, R. E. Eland, Bellville, Ill.; E. L. Kershaw, Payne, La.; E. Elder, Lebanon, N. Y., and W. H. Trefrey, Salem, Mass. The only word ever received of them came by carrier pigeon messages two days after they left the station, saying the balloon was sinking and drifting out into the Gulf.

SPANISH HEIR RAISES FOWLS.

Prince Alfonso of the Asturias, the heir to the throne, the other day gave the first interview he has ever accorded to the editor of the Revista Social y Agraria, while working on his model farm in El Pardo, near Madrid, which he attends to daily.

Among his poultry and pigeons the prince in a few simple sentences declared himself devoted to outdoor work and expressed the intention of endeavoring to improve the breed of chickens in Spain. One of the best-liked possessions of the heir to the throne is a number of Rhode Island Reds, and he pointed to these chickens with evident pride. He devotes most of his attention, however, to Spanish birds, of which he owns 150, including ducks.

The prince's chicken coops for the most part are constructed on the model used in the United States, which he regards as the best. The prince intends to exhibit his birds in the approaching poultry shows here.

LAUGHS

The report that German women have volunteered to fight in case of war only goes to show that women of all nationalities like to have arms about them.

Hattie—I have so many callers that, really, I am quite fatigued. Mattie—Ah! I didn't know you were a telephone operator before.

Lawyer—Don't you think I acquitted myself well in that trial? Friend—Very well. It is a pity you didn't do as much for your client.

"Then you didn't want no cranberries?" "No; I've changed my mind. I see your cat is asleep in those cranberries." "That's all right, mum. I don't mind waking the cat up."

Mrs. Hardhead—I can always tell what kind of a wife a man has by his views on the woman question. Stranger—I have all sorts of views. Mrs. Hardhead—Then you are a Chicago man.

"If you stand with your back to the south, what have you on your left hand?" asked the teacher during the geography lesson. The small boy thought, considered his hands, and gave the right answer. "Fingers, sir," he replied.

Mrs. Chubb (with newspaper)—I see several persons are petitioning to have their names changed. What does it cost to have a name changed? Mr. Chubb—It cost me a couple of hundred dollars to have your name changed to mine.

"Mabel," said the girl's father. "I want to talk to you about that young man of yours. When did he say good-night to you last evening?" "At 10 o'clock," replied the dear girl. "What? Why, it was 1 o'clock at least." "Oh, that was when he finished saying it."

TWENTIETH CENTURY MANNA.

Our consul in Jerusalem states that manna is found now in the regions of upper Mesopotamia and Kurdistan and along the Persian frontier. It falls, he says, in the form of dew during September, October and November, and lodges upon the leaves of oak trees. It immediately hardens and assumes the form of a grain. Early in the morning before the heat of the day it is gathered by spreading sheets beneath the trees, which are shaken, and the manna is then collected and stored for winter to be used as a food or shipped to Bagdad for sale in the bazaar. The manna falls on other vegetation, including grass, but all of it is lost except that which is gathered from the oak leaves. The manna is sweet and is eaten by the natives as a substitute for sugar or honey.

THEY DIG FISH IN FLORIDA.

Izaak Walton scarcely would believe his eyes if he were to walk through the country near New Smyrna, Fla., and encounter negroes digging live fish from the ground as if they were potatoes, and even persons accustomed to the miracles of this age would look twice and then set out in search of an oculist. A certain variety of mud fish found in nearly all parts of the State is responsible for this.

This queer member of the finny tribe inhabits streams or pools which have mud banks or bottoms, is black and weighs up to five or six pounds. When the water in a pond evaporates, as it does in certain seasons of the year, leaving only a mass of mud which on the surface is practically dry, it doesn't worry the fish. They merely burrow into the mud to wait for the rain and apparently continue to live as long as the earth is wet. The negroes locate them by exploring the mud with their bare feet.

The fish is edible, but is not a favorite because of its stringy and coarse flesh.

SUICIDE'S SPOOK COMES BACK.

"The return of John Koch" has given believers in the occult here a new premise of truth in the theory of life after death. John Koch had killed himself after trying to slay Theodore Opendaker.

His widow is under medical treatment to-day for shattered nerves. His brother-in-law, Stephen Hannan, has been so upset that once he fainted after a futile attempt to lay the spectre. The entire neighborhood of the home, No. 419 Perry street, Trenton, N. J., is bordering on panic.

Koch shot himself several months ago after murdering Opendaker. The widow and her four children have continued to live at the family home with her brother, Hannan, and Mrs. Elizabeth Cardwell.

Two weeks ago Mrs. Koch awoke and screamed that she had seen her husband's ghost. The story was repeated a few nights later. To quiet the excited children, Hannan agreed to sleep downstairs on a couch. The alleged ghost returned and made such a noise, as if by the up-

setting of furniture, that every one in the house was aroused.

According to the story related, Hannan decided to stay awake and watch for the apparition. He sat near the kitchen door. He says the latch began to move up and down. As he sprang towards the door, the latch became quiet.

Turning to resume his seat, he found himself face to face with the form of his dead brother-in-law. He hurled a lighted lamp at the vision. The lamp hit and dented a wall. A second lamp was flung, and then, shrieking, Hannan fell unconscious.

STATE LIVES ON STAMPS.

The tiny principality of Liechtenstein, between Austria and Switzerland, with a population of only 10,000, has its troubles like the rest of Europe, but the alarming reports from Swiss sources that a "revolution" was impending and that the Prince's "Pooh-Bah" chancellor had been kidnapped are pessimistic. Dr. Peer, the Lord High Everything of Liechtenstein, is a lawyer who formerly held a high judicial position in Vienna.

The incidents which gave rise to the "revolution" rumors were caused by postage stamps.

One of Liechtenstein's principal exports is its own postage stamps. A company was formed in 1919 to organize this important branch of national commerce on a sound financial basis. It is authorized by its charter to sell Liechtenstein stamps at 110 per cent. of their face value, but it must remit to the Liechtenstein Exchequer 90 per cent. of the face value of every stamp sold.

The trade is mainly conducted from Salzburg, in the middle of Austria, where the company's office is, and business has been excellent.

The stamps are very pretty and much sought after. But when Vaduz, the haughty capital of Liechtenstein, learned that in foreign currency the company was obtaining considerably more than 110 per cent. of the face value, a large section of the populace of 1,000—mostly, of course, children and young persons—came to the conclusion that 90 per cent. was not enough.

Hot-headed young stamp collectors even went so far as to declare that if Liechtenstein had a native "Pooh-Bah" who knew more about postage stamps than Dr. Peer such mercantile misadventures would not occur. It was further asserted that there was always a great shortage of postage stamps in the post offices of Vaduz and the three other villages of the principality, which was very unfair to local stamp collectors, who often had opportunities of doing a little profitable business on their own account.

But the stalwarts of Vaduz, on the "My country, right or wrong" principle, held a meeting to support the Constitution, Dr. Peer, the status quo, 90 per cent., and the Liechtenstein Postage Stamp Company, after which the two factions met in the village street, talked a great deal, looked up at the lovely castle crowning a rock-pinnacle above the capital and decided to refer the whole matter to the prince.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

WOMAN BUILDS OWN HOUSE.

Mrs. Susie Scott of Buffalo, N. Y., became tired of profiteering landlords, two months ago, and decided to build a home. As she has several children to support she decided to construct the house herself. Mrs. Scott drew the plans for a six-room, story-and-a-half bungalow. She accomplished all the carpenter and masonry work alone and without material assistance equipped the heating and plumbing apparatus. City building inspectors sent to inspect the house pronounce it an excellent example of home building.

BOGUS "SHINPLASTERS."

France's effort to solve the problem of her coin shortage by the issue of "shinplasters" printed on plain paper without fibres threatens to collapse owing to the discovery that the two two-franc notes already have been counterfeited so skilfully that the Government has seen fit to warn the public. As a result stores, street cars and subways where notes are in greatest use, are refusing to accept the notes, even though reasonably convinced that they do not face a loss, the argument being advanced that under the present state of French finances the ordinary family cannot afford to take the chance.

The Government apparently is powerless to enforce acceptance of the notes as they are issued through the Chamber of Commerce of Paris and not through the Bank of France, whose issues are considered compulsory currency.

BOOZE FLEET HOVERS JUST OFF ATLANTIC CITY.

The contraband booze fleet which has been hovering beyond the three-mile limit, off Atlantic City, waiting for the Government to relax vigilance so the cargoes can be unloaded, now numbers six vessels—three British ships which originally formed the fleet having been joined recently by three smaller ships American owned.

These vessels, it is said, were loaded with rye whisky at Bimini, Nassau and Havana, the liquor being worth \$500,000 and part of a lot that was shipped from the United States to Cuba when prohibition began. Its owners are anxious to get it back into this country for sale at bootleg prices.

It is reported that local boatmen have refused offers of \$1,000 a trip to go out and take off some of the fleet's cargo. Coast Guard boats are watching the fleet.

EIGHT NEAR DEATH FROM CAKE.

Eight persons of Dexter, Kan., are fighting against death by slow poisoning, caused by eating a cake. The cake was made with arsenate of lead instead of sugar, and was eaten at a family reunion. The victims are Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jackson and two children, Winifred and James; Mr. and Mrs. Ross Sheets, Lester Jackson and Dean Thompson.

Fred Jackson purchased groceries in Burden

for the picnic, his wife telling him to get also a quantity of arsenate of lead and sugar. He forgot the sugar and placed the arsenate, done up in a paper sack, with the basket of groceries. Mrs. Jackson, mistaking the package of poison for sugar, made a cake of the contents.

RAVAGES OF INSECT AUGERS.

Wharves in the San Francisco Harbor have been damaged to the extent of \$15,000,000 in the past two years by wood borers. The amount of loss from this cause on both Atlantic and Pacific Coasts is very large. For the purpose of ultimately checking these depredations the Forest Products Laboratory at Madison, Wis., has started a survey this year.

The log used for a pile is strong and sound when it is first driven, and the wood borer is very weak and quite insignificant in appearance, but the life and usefulness of the former is short when its small enemy attacks it. A ship ties up to what appears to be a perfectly sound and trustworthy California wharf. During the night a rather strong offshore breeze springs up and the next morning the ship is sighted out in the bay towing after her a part of the quay. The supposedly solid wooden piles on which the wharf was built had been bored out by the teredo, a worm with a hard shell auger for a head, and when the ship tugged at her hawsers the piles had snapped off like pipe stems.

The teredo, when young, bores a very small hole, thus gaining entrance into a pile unnoticed. Once inside he grows rapidly and can so completely honeycomb the pile in a few months that it will not even support its own weight. Quite the opposite from the teredos in their method of attack are the marine borers called limnoria. They begin on the outside of the piling and in less than a year make it look like a half-eaten stick of candy. When both these pests get to work on the same pile it usually lasts about six months.

The Forest Products Laboratory has recently proposed a plan for the study of the marine-borer problem, covering the entire coastal waters of the United States. The most promising method of protection which has been tried by the laboratory is that of treating the pile with creosote.

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Frank Tousey, Pub., 168 W. 23d St., New York

EARLY USE OF METALS

Prof. W. Gowland, in his Huxley memorial lecture at the Royal Anthropological Institute, London, recently spoke on the metals in antiquity and traced the origin of the smelting furnace campfire in which a lump of ore might have been reduced to metal. But until the art of smelting had been invented the use of metals was insufficient to affect to any great extent the old stone agriculture. Prof. Gowland traced the earliest metallurgy of copper and iron to western Asia, but said the extraction of gold from its ores on a large scale in the earliest times was attributed to the Sudan. Egypt produced the first mining may in the world—a map showing a gold mining region in 1350 to 1330 B. C. Lead only became of importance during the supremacy of the Romans in connection with their elaborate systems for the supply and distribution of water and the construction of baths. In Africa the extraction of iron from its ores was carried on at a remote date. The fact that this early African iron smelting Egypt was well shown by the bas-relief on a Egyptian colic-stone now in the museum in the city of Florence.

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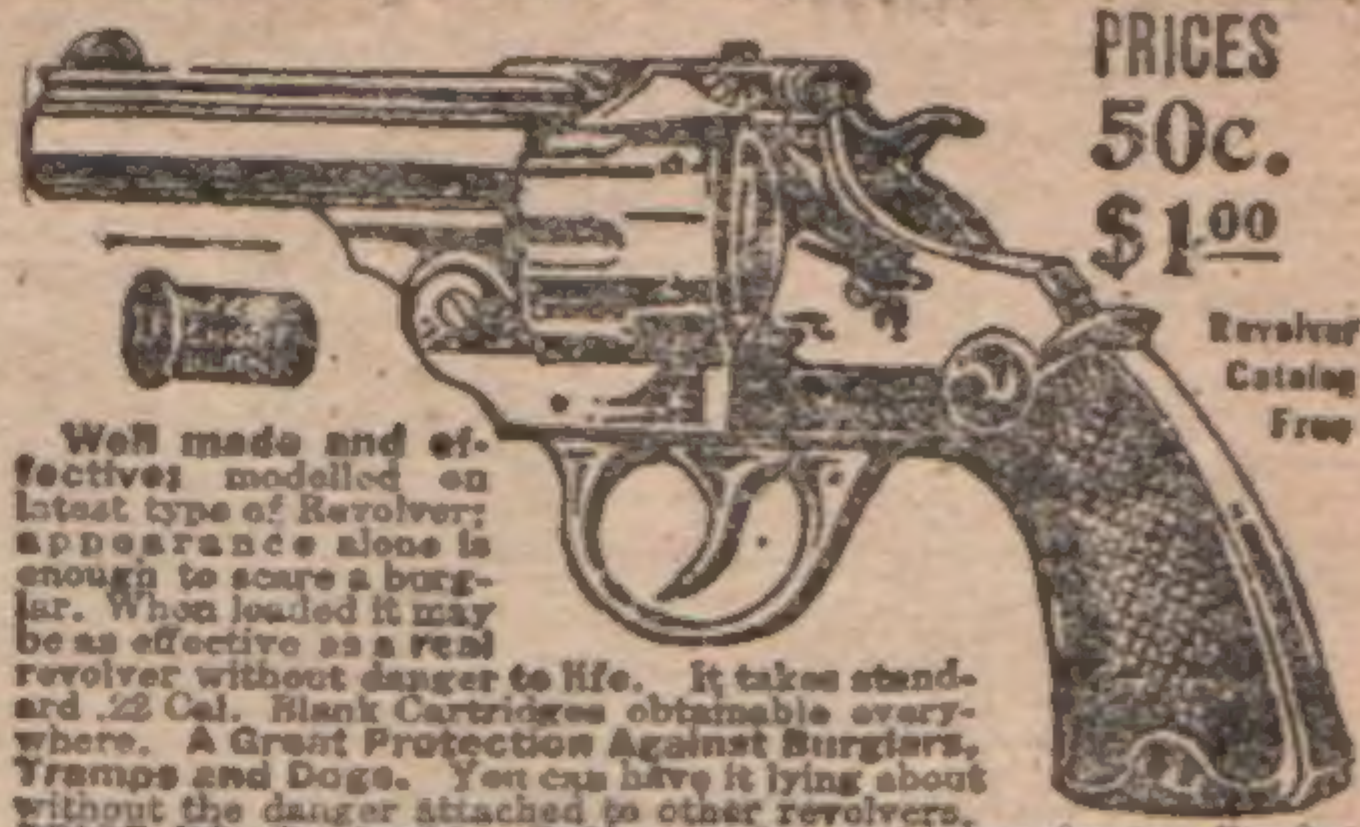
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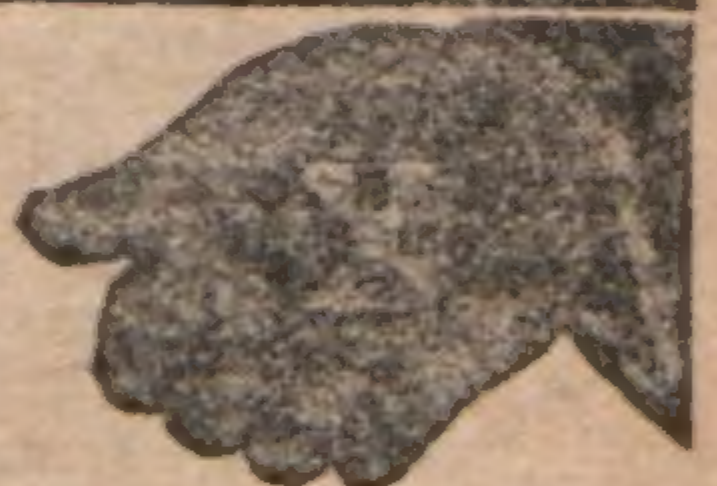
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The schooner Bowdoin, built to carry Donald B. MacMillan, the explorer, on his next Arctic voy- July, was launched at noon from the shipyard of Hodgdon Brothers, East Boothbay, Me., April 9. She was christened with roses by Miss May Fogg, of Freeport, a niece of the explorer.

In design and construction the Bowdoin embodies all elements of special provisions for the work ahead of her suggested by the long experience of MacMillan. Her hull is egg-shaped, with nothing to which ice can cling. Under sufficient pressure from the icefloes the Bowdoin, instead of being crushed, should lift out of the water and be carried along with the pack.

The expedition is planned to cover two years, but may be prolonged. MacMillan's plans include also either a return by the strait navigation of or the circumference around Baffin Land after exploring a stretch of 1,000 miles of its western shore, on which it is believed no white man has ever set foot.

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